The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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TOYED WITH THE EFFIGY OF A DUDE.

A Bevy of Young Ladies Amuse Themselves by Hauling a Stuffed Man about a Drawing-room.

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13 WEEKS 13

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OUR MOTTO,
"BE JUST AND FEARLESS."

NOTICE.

Next week we propose commencing a series of stories, from the pen of MR. EDMUND SAMPSON, entitled

LIFE'S MIRRORINGS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

READER (Trealaw).—Jim Hall beat Bob Fitzsimmons in five rounds at Sydney. It was the same Hall that beat Ted Pritchard. It is generally conceded that Fitz laid down for Hall when they met in Australia.

R. B. (Neuran).—We cannot say positively where his father was born.

F. F. (Manchester).—Look elsewhere in these columns.

W. K. (Glasgow).—We have responded to you by mail.

G. T. (Plymouth). — Send portrait and record.

W. (Sunderland).—We cannot comply with your request.

NED (Brighton).—The National Sporting Club offered a purse of £3,000 for James J. Corbett and Peter Jackson to fight for. Peter Jackson accepted the offer but Corbett declined.

OLD TIMER (Chester).—John C. Heenan never won a prize fight.

DENNY (Bristol).—We cannot fight your battles.

SHOREDITCH.—John L. Sullivan was unable to knock out Tug Wilson in four rounds at Madison Square Garden, New York, U.S.A.

SAILOR.—The Vigilant is owned by George Gould. Yes; he married Edith Kingdon, the actress, and has several children.

WILLIAMS (Crewe Murder).—Richard and Georg Davies, aged nineteen and sixteen, convicted of the murder of their father, Richard Davies, a clothier, on January 25, while riding home in a pony chaise. Trial, March 20 and 21, 1890; Richard executed, April 8th; George reprieved (penal servitude for life).

JAS. EVANS (Penyeraig).—Jerry Driscoll and Dick Moore were due in the ring at the National Sporting Club at 10.30 p.m., but it was close upon eleven before the men shook hands and commenced hostilities.

CONSTANT READER.—Maher stands 5ft 11¼in. We do not publish any book on boxing.

WITHIN two weeks' time Ted Pritchard and Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, will decide who is the premier middle-weight pugilist in Great Britain. Both men are getting in the best possible condition, and, what is more, they are equally confident as to the result. The battle will create world-wide interest, because Pritchard is the acknowledged champion middle-weight of Great Britain, and has had a remarkable career as a pugilist, whilst Craig is conceded to be the best representative American middle-weight.

It will be the first real international middle-weight fight between first-class men that has been on the tapis for many years, and if Craig proves a winner he will forsake the ranks as a middle-weight, and make strenuous efforts to force Peter Jackson into a battle with him.

* * *

JAMES CANHAM READ has suffered the penalty of his crime. He was convicted purely upon circumstantial evidence linked with positive proof of his gross immorality. Strange to say, his wife believed in his innocence up to the last moment, and was most devoted to him.

* * *

BOXING is fairly on the boom, and, unless signs fail us, the promoters who have jumped into the field during the present season will come to grief before many months. Frank Hinde is making every effort to eclipse all other promoters by inducing the recognised champions of the past and present to appear at the Central Hall. He has some attractive events booked to occur before the holidays.

HARRY PLEON.

A Performer who is a Favourite with Music-Hall Patrons.

(With Portrait.)

THE subject of this notice is so well known that we can afford but a brief biography. Born almost in the profession, he made his first appearance at "Old Drury" when an infant of barely three years, in 1866, under Chatterton, who was almost as unfortunate in management as his famous namesake was in poetry; his mother, Madame Pleon, being a famous operatic singer. Harry has played in twenty-seven pantomimes, and his imitations of famous actors have rarely, if ever, been surpassed. "Young Men Taken In and Done For" was his greatest hit, and this simple ditty put him nightly in no less than five halls. "The Last Day of Napoleon" took Harry two years to write, and as he has had only six weeks' schooling in his life, it redounds no little to his credit. Like the famous Lord Brougham, Harry had the dismal pleasure of reading his obituary notice in print before his death, on the occasion of a recent severe illness about twelve months since.

TIM SULLIVAN.

A 7st 12lb Pugilist who Upholds the Honours of Drury Lane.

(With Portrait.)

DRURY LANE and its vicinity at the present time appears to be the hot-bed of boxing. The subject under notice was born in the Lane, or thereabouts, in August, 1869, and is, consequently, 25 years of age. Tim first started boxing as an amateur at Sergeant Green's, when the gallant Sergeant was mine host of the Wheatsheaves, in Vere Street, Clare Market; but, like many other lads who have made the same start, Tim eventually went for the pieces and professionalism. Tim has sent us his records, written closely on two sheets of foolscap; but as this paper is for the benefit of ourselves and others, we cannot make it all "Tim Sullivan." Our readers will be satisfied with knowing that "Tim" is one of the best at his weight, 7st 12lb, and has a record as long as the "Cooler's" arm. We are shocked to see that Tim admits a disqualification for foul hitting; but on the whole Tim's record is a fair one, and "Tim" almost as good as they make them.

ALFRED GREER.

A St. Luke's Lad who is a Clever 8st Pugilist.

(With Portrait.)

THIS youth, who has just attained his majority, stands 5ft 2½in, and weighs 8st. He has quite a record in the way of wins, having beaten Jackson, Hardman, Cunningham, Hill, Condon, Tull, Parode, Jack Magee, and "Dr." Bloomfield, and innumerable others too numerous to mention, only suffering defeat at the hands of Mike Small, Fred Precious, and Alfred Buckingham. Greer has fought no less than twenty-four contests, and has been runner-up and winner in several competitions. For a youth of twenty-one this is a record of which any lad may be proud, and therefore we say "Alfred, go on and prosper."

IVEY SISTERS.

A Clever and Popular Music Hall Team who are Appearing at the London Halls.

(With Portrait.)

THE Ivy (without the e) is supposed to be a modest plant—

"Creeping where no life is seen,
What a dainty plant is the ivy green."

But fancy the Sisters Ivey creeping where no life is seen, when they *are* the life of the various music halls which they adorn. Dainty plants they certainly are if figure and face are taken into consideration, and they thrive where the ivy would be in the cold shade of neglect. Would that we had space at command to recite the triumphs achieved and floral offerings bestowed in various parts of the provinces on the Sisters Ivey. Both began their careers when mere children on the dramatic stage, Nellie at the Royalty and the Vaudeville, and Lilly at the Haymarket. Each having taken a distinct part in the profession, they agreed to work together as "sisters," and their first appearance was at the Foresters' Music Hall, where they were fortunate enough to secure their present agent, F. Napoli, who has already obtained engagements for the "sisters" which will run well into 1895.

JOHN MARX.

A Strong Man who is Exhibiting on the Music-Hall Stage.

(With Portrait.)

JOHN MARX, weight-lifter and strong man, was born at Luxembourg, August 28, 1869, and is therefore in his twenty-fifth year, stands 5ft 11in, and scales 15st. His physical measurements are: Chest, 46in; biceps, 18in; forearm, 15in; thigh, 26in; calf, 18in.

He went to the United States six years ago, locating at St. Louis. Training for weight-lifting, he rapidly obtained muscular development, and in 1889 he joined a circus, exhibiting feats of strength. In 1891 he came to this country, and gave exhibitions for three months at the Royal Aquarium. Then he made a tour of the Continent, appearing at all the large cities. He returned to England eighteen months ago, and has since been located at London.

Among the principal feats which Marx accomplishes is the lifting of two weights, scaling 70lb each, with one hand to arm's length above head; the raising of heavy dumb bells with feet and hands whilst lying prostrate, and rolling heavy iron balls along the fore part of the legs; the breaking of horse-shoes; allowing stones to be broken on his chest; the breaking of stones with his naked hand.

Marx is open to meet Sandow, Sampson, J. W. Kennedy, or any man in the world, in a weight-lifting competition for any part of £500 a-side.

JACK MALONEY, OF CLARE MARKET.

A 7st Lad.

(With Portrait.)

FROM Clare Market many a good lad has ventured forth in quest of fistic honours among the 7st division, probably none better than Jack Maloney. Being nicely built for his weight in this class, his height of 5ft 4in, with his youthful seventeen years, will make him one of the toughest customers for some time to come, if we take his earlier form as a guide. Bill Vickers, of Drury Lane, was disposed of in five rounds at the Lambeth Baths when contesting a ten-round contest, and Denny Gibbons at the Central Baths, St. Luke's, in eight rounds, shared the same fate, likewise Jack Murphy in a six-round contest; another Jack went under when Maloney met Deckham, who should have gone six rounds, but could only stay five. In a competition Maloney beat Willie Nixon in one round, but was defeated by Nobby Golden, of Clerkenwell. He partially redeemed this defeat by again meeting the same opponent, which ended in a draw after nine rounds had been gone through. He defeated Donnegan in a competition, and Bert Connolly, of Bermondsey, suffered defeat at the hands of this youngster in a round and a half.

OBJECTED TO FALSE TEETH IN BREAD.

What an East-end Woman Found in Cutting a Loaf of Bread.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A BAKER in the Whitechapel district was somewhat surprised the other day upon the appearance of a customer who lodged on the counter a cut loaf of bread, and bearing in her left hand a set of false teeth. The impression of the teeth was particularly conspicuous in the bread, and the woman therefore made use of rather choice language in taking the baker to task. The substitution of a fresh loaf and a shilling besides caused the woman to accept the situation in good humour and depart for her home.

WE ARE INFORMED

— That Mr. Charles Morritt has determined to abandon boxing at the Eden Palace of Varieties and to run the house on purely music-hall lines.

* * *

— That another popular song of the "Daisy Bell" type is likely to become a favourite, viz., "Dorothy Dean," by the same publishers.

* * *

— That the Melville-Charles "All Smiles Co." left Southampton on Saturday last by the s.s. Pretoria for Cape Town.

* * *

— That Miss Violet Cameron is having a good reception nightly at the Alhambra.

* * *

— That a capital programme is in progress for the benefit of Mr. Michael Abrahams at the Queen's, Poplar, on December 5.

* * *

— That Miss Marie Lloyd's new song, "He Knows a Good Thing When He Sees It," has proved a great hit.

* * *

— That Mr. Charles Coborn opened at the Marylebone on Monday after his provincial tour.

* * *

— That the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Middlesbrough, reopened on Monday last under the direction of Rollo Balmain.

* * *

— That the directors of the Palace, Manchester, will rejoice at having at last a dividend of five per cent.

* * *

— That "The Two Hussars" reached its 100th night on November 21, at the Grand, Glasgow.

* * *

— That "Sweet Seventeen," a comedy in three acts, was produced at the Aquarium, Brighton, on Monday, November 26. On the same date was produced, for the first time in London, "The Wife of Dives," at the Opera Comique. On Wednesday, November 21, was produced at the Strand "The Wrong Girl," and on the following Saturday "The Shop Girl" at the Gaiety.

* * *

— That the sick list is at present rather a large one, the following artistes being incapacitated from duty:—Rose Sylvester, Edgar Romaine, Bessie Bellwood, Tom Leamore, Harry Champion, George Beauchamp, Ben Baker, and Mrs. Tom Bellmont, of the Olympic.

* * *

— That the Folly, Manchester, is closed for alterations and decorations.

* * *

— That Mr. Charles Bignell is a model of philanthropy, and that having a wife and child, father and mother, four brothers, two sisters, one niece, and one nephew depending on him, is indeed "great."

* * *

— That the London Palace of Varieties will reopen on Christmas Eve. The hall has been made very comfortable.

* * *

— That the Harlows (Baker and Le Fre) commenced their new partnership at Gravesend on Monday last.

* * *

— That benefits seem to be the rage both in London and the Provinces at the present time.

"A WORKER" AND "OMNIA VINCIT."
WILL JAY DENT,
Musical, Dramatic, Circus, & Variety Agent,
OXFORD MUSIC HALL,
CLOTH MARKET, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
(In Full Sway),
Give Me a Call.
Representing
GEO. WARE & CO. ("Old Reliable").
ALSO
Messrs. Beresford & Martin.
(In all over 250 Star Turns).
Artistes and Sports please send Photos.
THE FOLLOWING PLEASE WRITE AT ONCE:
Maude Granville, Jennie Primrose, Alf Robin, Arthur Albert, Paynes, Ellis and Juan.
What Price the Company at Oxford this Week?
I have appointed W. HODGSON, nephew of MacDermott and J. H. Milburn, my Assistant Manager.
"And we are all workers."
Did you see Interview last week?

HOW TO BE A HAPPY MOTHER AND A LOVING WIFE ON ONE POUND PER WEEK.

By E. S.

"First catch your hare and then cook it," is the advice given by Mrs. Glasse in her celebrated cookery book. Now as husband catching is a far more popular diversion among ladies than hare catching, it behoves those on matrimony bent to take the advice of Mrs. Glasse, and catch their husbands before cooking—I should say, before cooking for them. Another familiar proverb has it "that the nearest way to a man's heart is down his throat," and thus it is in the race for the Matrimonial Stakes 'twixt spinster and widow, in the language of our present Premier, 10 to 1 on the widow. Where the ladies are concerned man is a gudgeon who will swallow anything. If he escapes Charybdis he is sure to be wrecked on Scylla—in other words, he falls a victim either to his vanity or his appetite.

It is many years ago now since I met the present Mrs. Johnson, and I have not recovered yet from the bilious feeling which possesses me whenever I take a retrospective view of the past, and remember how I took the bait held out by Mrs. J. I was so fond of myself that, Narcissus like, I fell in love with my reflection. I would go out of my way to interview the mirror which reflected my loved form and features. I was young and foolish then; I am elderly and wiser now.

The present Mrs. J., in the days of which I write, was a kind of chief mate in a pastrycook's shop in one of the narrow lanes which at one time abounded in the City. In this narrow lane I had employment; and each morn and eve as I journeyed to and from that employment I gave one fleeting glance at the well-polished plate-glass windows of the pastrycook. Little did I dream, until enlightened afterwards by Mrs. J., that those fond glances at self were appropriated by the lady—a just tribute, as she considered, to her beauty and worth. I suppose I must have been rather backward in coming forward (I heard all about it when the capture was made), for one day hurrying homeward, and stopping to take the usual note of admiration, I was surprised in the act by the lady on the other side of the window, who, with a most bewitching smile, which, in the language of the eye (too soon I found it was a case of all my eye), said as plainly as possible "Come inside." I went inside (oh, vanity!), thinking *I* had made the capture. I asked for a small article of consumption. I think at this lapse of time a "twist." "How would you like it?" exclaimed the lady with a most endearing smile; "crusty or crummy?" As the future Mrs. J. was even in those days very stout and comely, I replied, as I pressed the small coin into her plump hand, "Crummy, like you, my dear. I must admit that this was very sharp work, but, as the lady said, I did not seem to her a stranger, but an old friend, in consequence of my *looking in* so frequently. She confessed with a blush that although it was very sudden, she did not consider I had taken a liberty. In fact, the lady had caught her hare, and this is how she cooked it.

She soon discovered (I was not aware of my affliction) that I had a bad cold. "Would I call on my way home from business, and, for *her* sake, take some little thing to relieve it?" "A little black currant jam" was a huge jar of that commodity, holding some three or four pounds. Eventually the lady did not think I was properly catered for in the way of lunch. Soon the office boy was waylaid, interviewed, and enlisted in her service, and soon such an array of hot-water plates and dish covers arrived upon the scene, that deputations of my married confrères sniffing round me made me most uncomfortable; not so much by their presence as their mocking cries of "Beware!" as they commented on the after results likely to accrue from an indulgence in the succulent "trifles" of the lady pastrycook's esteem.

Soon esteem became a very warm affection on the part of the lady, and gratitude for favours received, if no warmer feeling, took possession of my being. The succulent "trifles" and my vanity had done their work, and soon I asked the lady of the pastrycook's to name the day, and, as my screw was small, to say how much per week we could be happy and comfortable on. "Dear James" (we had long ere this arrived at Christian names), "with you and one pound per week I think I should be the happiest woman in the world." I have long since quadrupled that pound, and Mrs. J. has other emoluments, and still she is not happy. What wonder, then, that I, in my own interest and in the interest of your readers, should desire to give to the world the experience of the woman who has asserted after many years of matrimony that she is a happy mother and a loving wife on one pound per week.

My search for the lady was not perhaps as arduous as the alchemist of yore for the Elixir of Life or the Philosopher's Stone, nor as Japhet in search of a father, Diogenes in search of an honest man, or a certain Eastern potentate in search of a happy one; but I had to travel a great many miles before I discovered the cottage of content. I found it at last in a county almost on the borders of this great metropolis—a county which, near in one sense, is yet far in another; for its principal landed proprietors being two nobles, who rule with almost feudal sway, the land is given over, with the exception of a few scattered towns, almost entirely to pasture and agriculture, and for many generations it is likely to be a terra incognita to the cockney explorer.

In one of these towns—brick and mortar oases in a desert of agricultural and pastoral scenery, I interviewed Mrs. Content. The town was red and white, and I was blue with the cold of an English June—thus the tricolour was *en évidence*. The red and white consisted of the white paving stones, the red old-fashioned tiles of the houses, and the red-bricked floors of the dwellings, and the red of the children's cheeks in the cottage of content vied with the brightness of the red-brick floor; daffydowndillies and sweet water-lilies clustered round my path as I made my way from the pathway to the door of the cottage, which opened from the street into the parlour, from which I could perceive about half an acre of vegetation and fruit trees in the rear. Round the parlour, which was evidently the best room, I noticed samples of the needlework of the female members of the Content family—"Mary Jane Content, aged seven years;" and again an evidence of a larger growth, "Dinah Content, aged ten years." The most ancient article of furniture was a grandfather's clock, and the most modern one a sewing machine. The swift click of the latter (it was being used) contrasted forcibly with the laboured tick of the clock, and seemed indicative of the rushing present and the slow but dear, delightful past.

A bonnie, blue-eyed woman was Mrs. Content, with a set of teeth so perfect that as her smiles of good humour enlivened each feature she looked like the eldest of her family, a direct contrast to the poor careworn woman I expected to meet, bringing herself to an early and unhonoured grave, trying to cater for the wants of a numerous family on scanty earnings.

"What is your husband, Mrs. Content?"

"Well, sir, he is a carpenter on a neighbouring estate—not exactly a regular carpenter, as you may say. He's what we call down here a hedge carpenter. He puts in repair all the gates and other things on the estate through which cattle are likely to stray."

"How is it you are able to manage so much better than your neighbours?"

"It's all through mother, sir. She was left a widow in London when her family were all little ones, and she moved to the West-end."

"The West-end! Why to that expensive part of London?"

"Well, there were more free schools and more gifts to widows, then, in that part; and the tradespeople gave more away to poor people. At night time one of us children would be sent to wait with others outside a fashionable fishmonger's for stale fish or trimmings. Another would be sent in a like manner to the butcher's, and another to the baker's and pastrycook's for the stale pieces. That is how she brought us up on next to nothing. Mother said we should have starved or gone into the workhouse if we had not lived westwards."

"Yes; but how is it you manage to do so well on your small amount?"

"As mother always said that a good contriver was better than a good manager, I thought of her words when I left service and settled down here with my husband. Finding everything but vegetables (which I grow myself) very dear, I went round to the tradespeople and tried to arrange with them for anything stale or unsaleable. Now really I have more food than I want, at the lowest possible price. If the cheesemonger has a bit of bacon or ham which he thinks has been in the shop too long he sends for me. 'Mrs. Content,' says he, 'cook it at once; it's all right now.' So with the butcher. I have a sack of flour from the mill, and I make my own bread. With that little sewing machine I make the family clothes; my husband mends all our boots; and the washing is done at home."

To make my story short, I ran over the items of expenditure with Mrs. Content, and I found, after providing for as healthy and nice-looking a family as ever sat round a deal table with food, lodging and washing, she had five clear shillings a week to put away as a reserve fund. A look at the post-office savings bank book showed me that the nest egg was a rapidly growing one. I wish I could write the "Short and Simple Annals of the Poor" with as much gratification as I do that of the Content family.

FLOGGED WITH A TURTLE.

A Street Fight Terminates Disastrously to a Bruiser, who is Outed with a Turtle.

(Subject of Illustration.)

In a street fight close to Covent Garden recently a pugilist was flogged in a merciless manner by an unpretentious individual, who utilised as a weapon a turtle which he captured from a fish stall. It started through an argument, which resulted in the pugnacious man keeling his adversary over. Upon rising he grasped a turtle, and soon made short work of the man who boasted of his fistic abilities by belabouring him about the head.

A TEXAS WEDDING.

How a Young Roustabout Outwitted an Irate Parent.

(Subject of Illustration.)

All the old residents of Montague County, Texas, remember Uncle Henry Harris, the preacher ferryman, of Red River, during the latter part of the eighties. There have been many greater men in this part of the State, and many more intellectual ones, but there have been few who were so universally loved or who were so widely mourned for after their death. Uncle Henry was a one-legged man, and the wooden stump which supplied the place of his missing member was a very primitive affair. It was joined to the stump of his leg by a strap, which could be removed in a few moments.

Calvin Dubbs courted his daughter, May Harris. Uncle Henry was opposed to the suit of Dubbs because of his ungodliness and bad character. His daughter did not share in these objections.

One afternoon Calvin Dubbs rode up to the ferry, and, as the river was high, asked to be ferried over. The old man and Tobe started to take him across, but no sooner did they reach the middle of the river when their passenger whipped out a bowie knife, and in a few passes severed the longer of the two ropes that bound them to the trolley. The boat immediately swung round in the current and remained stationary in mid-river.

"What's that?" cried Uncle Henry in alarm. "Don't you know we can't get across now?"

"Don't know about you. I kin make it all right myself."

Calvin sprang to the saddle, urged his pony over the side of the boat into the water, and struck out for shore. The two captives on the boat watched him helplessly until he gained the shore they had just left. As he did so May came out of the cabin, arrayed in her Sunday best, and two men on horseback rode out from their concealment back of the bluff. The object of the stratagem gradually dawned on the old man's mind.

"There's goin' to be a weddin'," yelled Calvin from the bank. "We'll let you attend as a witness."

"Whar's yore licence?" shrieked the father, "and whar's yore preacher?"

"Here's the licence," yelled Dubbs, waving a legal-looking document; "can you read it from there? And this man here's the preacher."

The couple took their places, and the alleged preacher began the ceremony. Uncle Henry began pleading and expostulating, but all in vain. Suddenly he grabbed the Winchester he carried in the bottom of his boat, and drew a bead on his prospective son-in-law.

"Stop that tom-foolishness, or I'll shoot."

"Shoot and be d——d!" yelled Calvin. "Go on, parson!"

This latter remark was addressed to the preacher on shore. Whatever might be said against Calvin's morals, nobody ever doubted his nerve.

"Crack!" sounded the Winchester from the boat, and with a thud a bullet buried itself in the horn of the bridegroom's saddle. Calvin made a quick motion toward his own gun, but May caught his arm.

"Don't!" she cried. "Pa won't hurt you. If he wanted to, he'd bored you the first crack."

The ceremony was a brief one, but every few moments Uncle Henry would blaze away, just close enough to the bridegroom to be unpleasant. When it was all over the party rode away, with many tantalising adieux to the captive on the boat.

A BAPTISMAL PARTY DISTURBED.

The Appearance of a Bear Creates Consternation Amongst a Party About to be Baptised.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The Baptists, when being baptised, are immersed in a lake or river, and have no fears of the heat or cold when it comes to religion. Near Rockland, in the State of Maine, a congregation assembled on the banks of the lake with a view to witnessing the ceremony being performed upon several of the converts. Just as the clergyman was about to immerse three ladies in the water a large bear put in an appearance, causing the people to scatter in all directions. A neighbouring farmer was called upon, and by the use of his rifle he brought bruin to grief, much to the relief of the quartette, who were forced to remain in the water for safety.

She: "Cease, you cannot move me."
He (haughtily): "You forget that I am chief clerk in the new derrick bureau."

The Count: "Ze young lady laughed when I told her zat joke."
Miss M.: "She must have thought she had nice teeth."

Clara: "I think I shall wear my bloomers on my wheel to-day."
Maude: "Why?"
Clara: "I don't like to attract attention."

TRUSTED TO PROVIDENCE.

A Darkey who Faced a Cyclone and in Subscriptions only Held Out a Fourth.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"Good mawnin', sah, good mawnin'!" he saluted, as he came up the hotel steps and removed his hat and bowed very low. "I war jest walkin' round dis mawnin' to see who was on de Lawd's side."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, sah, our meetin'-house got blowed away by a cyclone last month, an' I'ze collectin' up to build anodder. Yes, sah cyclone dun took it right off de face of de airth."

"Is this the first time?"

"Yes, sah. Dat meetin'-house dun escaped all de odder cyclones befo' dis."

"Did you see the building go?"

"I did, sah. I was right dar at de time, bress de Lawd! Dat was de moas' powerfu' sight yo' eber did see in all yo' life. It was long in de arternoon, sah. I went ober to de meetin'-house to get my hymn book. I was in dar when the cyclone riz up. She cum mighty sudden, sah. I heard a sorter howl, like a dawg fast in de fence. Den dar was a groaning, like somebody had fell down sta'rs an' busted hisself. Den dar was a whoop, like as if eberbody in town had got drunk an' was prancin' around."

"And then she struck?"

"She did, sah. I knowed what was comin', kase I seed 'bout five cyclones in my time. I run around to the back eand of the buildin' an' braced up agin it wid all my might, but shoo!"

"It went, did it?"

"Jest didn't mind me nohow, sah. De cyclone picked dat meetin'-house right up same as yo' would lift a shingle, an' de next minit was cl'ar across de ribber an' all smashed to squash."

"And weren't you hurt?"

"No, sah. Nebber got a scratch."

"How do you account for that?"

"Providence, sah—just Providence. I was saved dat I might collect up money fur anodder meetin'-house."

"That's rather curious. If you had been killed, somebody else could have collected, couldn't they?"

"Dey could, sah, but I'se de only pusson around here who ebber dun collected up a dollar fur de Lawd an' turned in ober sebenty-five cents of it."

J. H. TYERS.

The Amateur Champion Swimming Phenomenon.

(With Portrait.)

On December 8, at Liverpool, the executive committee of the Northern Counties Amateur Swimming Association will meet for the purpose of giving the swimming phenomenon, J. H. Tyers, a hearing in regard to his recent performance at Stockport. Should the champion be expelled from the amateur ranks he will find little difficulty in commanding the premier position in the professional ranks. Tyers was born in Manchester, September 11, 1876, and when but twelve years of age he took to the water, securing prizes in swimming races confined to boys. The following year he entered for the 200yds North Manchester Challenge Cup, presented by C. E. Schwann, M.P., and was successful in winning the trophy for the first time (he subsequently won the cup outright).

In his fifteenth year he decided to throw down the gauntlet in one or two championships. At Roundhay Park, Leeds, he created a surprise by beating S. Greasley, of Leicester, in the 300 yards North of England Championship. The same year he opposed W. Evans, the amateur champion, in the 220 yards championship at Leeds, and achieved the dual honour of defeating Evans and establishing a record. At Leicester the same year (1892) he beat Evans for the 100 yards championship in the record time of 1min 5 4-5sec. The Amateur Swimming Association marked their appreciation of his prowess by presenting him with two record medals for the above efforts.

In 1893 he succeeded in winning every championship trophy offered for swimming. He holds the championship titles at the following distances: 100, 150, 220, 300, 440 salt water, 440 fresh water, 500 yards, half mile, 1,000 yards, one mile, and the long distance (5½ miles). During the past season Tyers has won all the championship races, and established records at the various distances.

TOYED WITH THE EFFIGY OF A DUDE.

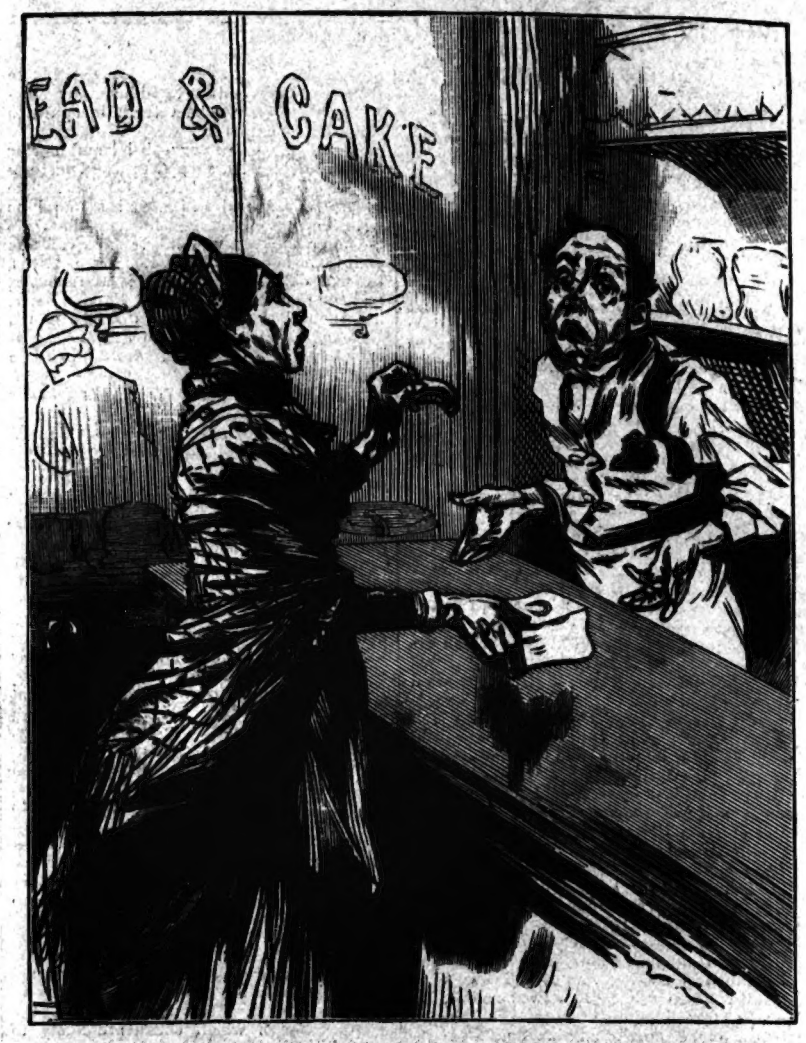
A Bevy of Young Ladies Amuse Themselves by Hauling a Stuffed Man about a Drawing-room.

(Subject of Illustration.)

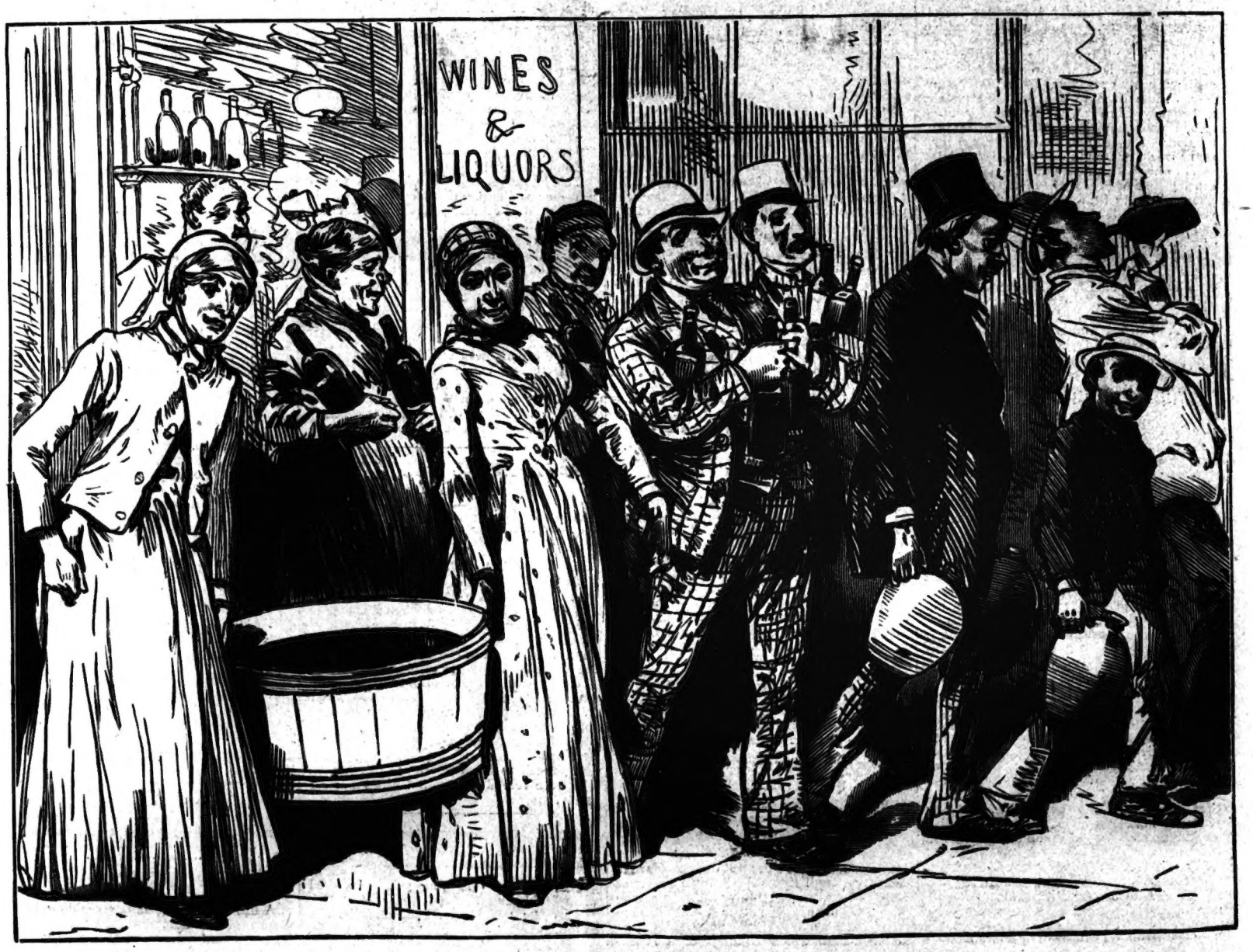
A bevy of young ladies residing in the South of London, and attending a high school, found much pleasure in making an effigy of a masher, and, to liven up the occasion, each hugged, pulled, and hauled at the object in a manner which would have caused many a man to look on with an envious look.

The British Library

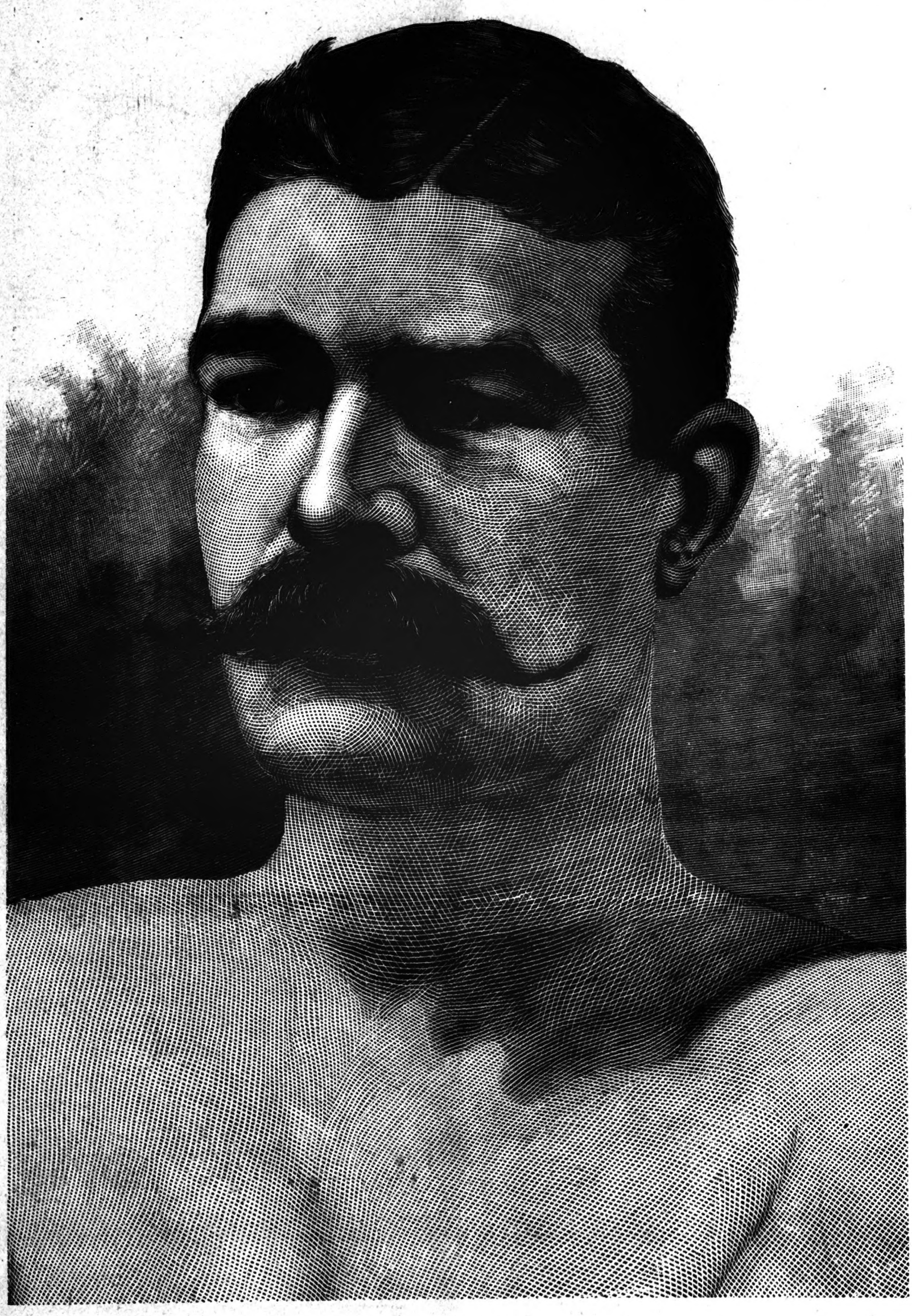
THE VICTIM OF A JOKE.
A Violinist Finds a Doll, in Place of an Instrument, Lodged in His Box.



OBJECTED TO FALSE TEETH IN BREAD.
What an East-end Woman Found in Cutting a Loaf of Bread.



PREPARING FOR PROHIBITORY TIMES.
The Results of a No-License Rate in the Western Portion of the United States.



FRANK P. SLAVIN.

The Australian Heavy-Weight, who is About to Leave for South Africa.

THE prospect of an international athletic meet being held in America next year is promising. The initial steps in the matter were taken at a meeting of the Athletic Committee of the New York A.C. on November 20. The committee decided to ask the Board of Governors of the club to invite the London Athletic Club to send a representative team of athletes there to compete against the crack men of the New York Club. The request of the committee will be considered at the next meeting of the Board of Governors.

If the Englishmen will accept the invitation of the New Yorks, the latter will pay all expenses. President Weeks said after the meeting that the N.Y.A.C. would accept any reasonable programme of events the Britishers might suggest.

If satisfactory arrangements for the meeting are made the New Yorks will probably be represented by the following athletes:—"Tommy Lee," the American and Canadian champion sprinter, in the 100 and 220 yards runs; E. W. Allen or George W. Sands in the quarter-mile run; Charles Kilpatrick, the inter-collegiate Canadian and American champion middle-distance runner; George W. Orton, the Canadian and American champion one mile runner; Stephen Chase, the record-breaking hurdler; A. Nickerson, ex-champion and ex-record holder in the running high jump; L. P. Sheldon, in the running high jump; James S. Mitchell, the Canadian and American champion hammer thrower; and George S. Gray, the Canadian and American champion at shot putting.

The English team would probably be composed of the following champions: C. A. Bradley, in the 100 and 220 yards runs; E. C. Bredin, in the quarter and half-mile runs; F. E. Bacon, in the one mile run; Godfrey Shaw, in the 120 and 220 yards hurdle races; Ryan or O'Brien, in the running high jump; C. B. Fry, in the running broad jump; and W. J. M. Barry, in the weight competitions.

* * *

WILLIAM PRANCE succeeded in winning first prize in an amateur weight-lifting tournament at Agricultural Hall, Islington, the other night. W. Hawthorn was second in the contest.

* * *

IT is proposed to set apart a match, Surrey v. England, to be played at the Oval about the end of May, as a testimonial benefit to Mr. W. W. Read, in recognition of his valuable services to the champion county. Abel is also to have a benefit, possibly Surrey v. Yorkshire.

* * *

AMERICAN Thanksgiving Day has not passed without its almost unfailing disastrous occurrence. On November 29 an omnibus conveying a football team to the playing ground had to pass over a level crossing at Southbridge, Massachusetts. Just as the conveyance had reached a point about midway across the track a heavily-laden excursion train dashed along, and, striking the rear part of the bus, shattered it to fragments. Four members of the unfortunate team were killed outright, and seven others were so shockingly injured that recovery in some cases is regarded as hopeless.

* * *

AT Cwmbra, Mon., a coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death" in the case of a young man named Edward Jones, who was injured in a football match played last Saturday. The medical evidence showed that death was due to rupture of the bladder.

* * *

CAPTAIN W. N. BOLTON, Wilts Regiment, Instructor at the Royal Military College, and an old International Rugby player, had his leg broken while playing for the officers of the Royal Military College against the officers of the Staff College, under the Association rules, on the ground of the latter at Camberley, November 29. Captain Bolton, it appears, went for the ball at the same time as an opponent, and their legs crossing, the captain sustained serious injury. It is not long ago that Captain Bolton took up with the Association game, appearing for Captain E. G. Wynyard's eleven at Sandhurst a few weeks since.

* * *

MARRIAGE has apparently caused Master Sullivan, late of Australia, but now of England, to wax fat and slothful. Rather than defend his title to the *Sportsman* Challenge Cup, he has reluctantly decided to surrender it to the donors and trustees in accordance with the articles. Sullivan is not the only pro. from the land of the Golden Fleece who, since his arrival on these shores, has married and gone off colour. We know of a once pugilistic celebrity who married one of the maids of Merrie England, and has never done anything since.

* * *

SINCE the above was written Sullivan has reconsidered the matter, and a match has been ratified between the champion and Wag Harding, to be rowed on the Tyne for £200 a-side and the *Sportsman* Challenge Cup.

* * *

WHEN Billy Delaney, the favourite second of the champion pugilist Corbett, was over here, he informed us that he had a nephew in America who could do something astonishing in the way of swimming, and he asked us if we would see to his interests if he should send him over on his return to the States.

* * *

WE did not accept Billy's offer, for which we are now thankful. Infant phenomena are nowhere more plentiful than in the natatory world, and one has recently arisen who threatens to put in the shade the efforts of all other boy performers who have preceded him.

This is no less a youngster than J. H. Derbyshire (the boy champion), who, only fifteen years of age, put in an astounding record at Manchester last week. Starting from the 40sec mark Derbyshire got home in the 1,000 Yards Handicap with the watch showing 14min 52sec. All professors of the natatory art know that this performance by a boy bids fair to eclipse the best efforts of the professional and amateur champions, Messrs. Nuttall and Tyers.

* * *

MANCHESTER appears to be the birthplace of swimmers. Our mind goes back a quarter of a century or more when Mather, of Manchester, met old Beckwith, of London (the old man, still alive, was called old 'un then). Beckwith won, and, strange to say, Mather's father, who was a coachbuilder in a good way of business in Manchester, presented Beckwith with a five pound note for beating his son, remarking at the same time "that he wished his son had won."

Old Beckwith dilated on this incident the last time we met the old gentleman at his show at the Agricultural Hall. Mather eventually gave up the natatory art of which (with Beckwith out) he was champion, and became a champion at another form of sport. Mather the swimmer, changing his name and profession, developed into "Captain Scott," the famous champion pigeon-shooter who recently took a benefit at the "Royal."

* * *

"THE king is dead, long live the king!" seems to be the motto in boxing as well as every other form of sport. No sooner is one champion defeated and deposed than another reigns in his stead—and so the world wags on.

* * *

HENRY MENIER, who jumped successfully from the Brooklyn Bridge, New York, on Tuesday morning week, is a protégé of Fox.

This jump reminds us of the unfortunate jumper, Donovan, who was once a compositor in the office of a New York paper, and was induced (so the late unfortunate man assured us) by his employer to attempt the same jump, which he successfully performed, his guerdon being a gold medal.

Poor Donovan, who was a bit of a crank, after an early morning breakfast at a coffee-stall, for a paltry bet of a shilling or two jumped off Hungerford Bridge. Whether he stuck in the mud, or whether he was tired of life and made no effort to return to the surface, remains a mystery—like the ship that never returned.

All that remained to show that Donovan had ever had an existence was the gold medal which Charley Bates, then mine host of the Spread Eagle and now of the Clarence, redeemed from the pawnbroker, and at one time wore on his ample chest. This, with the gold chain weighing a pound and a half, made Charley the admiration and envy of Shoreditch and the surrounding locality.

Many a time did the "boys" try a tug at the big gold chain; but Charley's waistcoat fitted so well over his ample stomach that it defied all their efforts. They could not hit Charley below the belt and cause a collapse, for his belt was behind the bar, so they and Charley's "dog chain" are "strangers yet."

* * *

THE late "Shifter," of the *Sporting Times*, William Farn Goldberg, B.A., was of so convivial a turn that he put up at an hotel—the Caledonian—so that he could call the spirits from the vasty deep at any time after closing hours. Some time since the spirit of the "Shifter" departed, and this week we came across his will and noted he had left—what? Why, like most journalists, virtually nothing

* * *

WE saw the "Shifter" prior to his death, when he looked like "paying in his checks." Another *Sporting Times* journalist, Shirley Brooks, we also saw prior to his death at the testimonial given to Jem Smith at St. James's Hall, when the swells went mad over their supposed champion, and he, too, looked "marked for diss."

A short time since we came across yet one more scribe of the *Sporting Times*, no less a personage than "Gubbins," and he looked almost as bad as they make them. "Gub, old man," said we, "cheer up!" "Cheer up," said he, "who could cheer up with a leg like I have? I, an active man, walking eight or ten miles a day, obliged to ride. Why, I shall soon be as fat as the Guv'nor."

* * *

J. T. HEARNE, the celebrated Middlesex cricketer, left by the P. and O. steamer Oriental from the Royal Albert Docks, November 30, en route for Patiala, India, where he has accepted an engagement from the Maharajah of Patiala to instruct his son and the natives how to play cricket. There was a good number of friends at the docks to wish young Hearne a pleasant voyage, the company including Mr. J. A. Murdoch, G. F. Hearne, F. Martin (Kent), Walter Hearne, William Hearne (Redhill), W. Devey, Mrs. Tom Hearne, sen., Mrs. G. F. Hearne, and others. Hearne is due to return to England in March next.

* * *

JOCKEYS at the present time are peculiarly unfortunate. First Finlay breaks himself up, next Eames collides with a post, and his poor little leg has the worst of the encounter; Bradford is lying ill with typhoid fever, and one or two others are sick and sore. It is a good job the racing season is at an end, or a dearth of jockeys would be almost as serious as a dearth of bookmakers.

* * *

WHEN will Tom Cannon, the wrestler, ever cry, "Hold, enough!" The "Cross Buttocker," Walter Armstrong, will tell you something, if you ask him, about the wrestling at the Aquarium, and Tom's speechifying when he (Cannon) objected to the referee's ruling in the Græco-Roman match at that theatre.

"Empty challenges!" "Self advertisement!" "Empty talk!" These are a few of the expressions used by this pro. last week to another wrestler—Bob Marshall.

* * *

ANGLERS should visit the Thames now, the river being in grand condition for all-round angling. The colour of the water is all that can be desired for roach, while the stream is favourable for chub. Roach, perch, and pike are feeding, one angler at Henley taking 17lb of perch the other day. In the Great Marlow district Tom White and party have secured 24 pike up to 7½lb, and pike from 3lb to 6lb have also been landed at Datchet and Windsor. At Sunbury good chub and perch are reported. Sport is improving in the Tidal waters at Richmond and Twickenham. The best baits for the Thames now are—for roach, crust of bread and gentles; dace, red worm and gentles; perch, minnows or very small dace; pike, dace.

PREPARING FOR PROHIBITORY TIMES.

The Results of a No-License Rate in the Western Portion of the United States.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IN a small city in Kansas an election was held to decide as to whether the sale of liquor should be legalised. The limitation and high license law was passed several years ago, and since then the authorities have been getting more stringent every year in hopes of gradually checking the sale of intoxicating beverages. At an election held recently the prohibitory faction gained the day, and when the news became generally known those of a bibulous frame of mind made a set upon the public-houses, and purchased a supply sufficient to satisfy their wants for some time. They presented an amusing appearance parading through the thoroughfares well laden down with beer and liquor, a pair of women bearing up under a tub well filled with ale.

PREPARING FOR THE STAGE.

Damsels Possessing a Good Voice Find it an Easy Task to Improve their Form.

(Subject of Illustration.)

YOUNG girls possessing a good voice find it an easy matter to improve their form, and if you see them on the stage and in the dressing-room, you will find them entirely different appearing individuals. It merely shows what can be accomplished in the way of making-up for the stage.

SIGHT-SEEING IN NORTH KENT.

Gay Young Men Find Pleasure in Watching the Lights Being Turned Out in Large Flat Houses.

(Subject of Illustration.)

WITHIN ten minutes' walk of Lee Green Station, in Kent, there are two large flat houses, and most any evening can be seen a set of gay young men within easy distance holding field glasses, looking at the various windows. They take up their post shortly after nine o'clock, and keep on a watch till ten o'clock strikes, when the gas is turned out, and the place left in darkness.

—That Charles Bignell, the music-hall artist, whose liabilities are £909 and assets nil, attributes his insolvency to losses by betting, ill-health, and to the payment of heavy interest on borrowed money. He states that he has had to provide for the support, not only of his wife and children, but of his father and mother, four brothers, two sisters, a niece, and a nephew.

* * *

—That William Melton Plumber, a Widnes man, will, with his wife, remain in penal servitude for three years by order of the Liverpool Assize judge. Their child Sidney, a babe of fifteen months, was found in a terribly dirty, weak, and emaciated condition, and died soon after removal to the workhouse. The man was employed in a chemical works, and could have earned 36s. weekly, but he did not work full time. He and his wife were, in fact, always drinking. After death the child only weighed 7lb instead of 23lb.

* * *

—That an attempt to murder made in Manchester has resulted in the discovery of a base coin manufactory on a rather large scale. A man named Ainscough attempted to shoot his wife, and then ran away. His wife warned the police that her husband would certainly shoot to avoid capture, but the police followed and caught him. Besides a revolver there was found upon him a large quantity of counterfeit coin. The police then found at his house machinery of all kinds for the manufacture of spurious coin.

* * *

—That an Englishman named William John Stradling committed suicide at Nice by shooting himself in the head with a revolver while resting on a bench in the Boulevard Dubouchage. It appears that Mr. Stradling, who was forty-five years of age, arrived in Nice from London several months ago, and has since then been endeavouring to obtain employment as a tutor, but without success. He consequently became very dejected, and it is supposed that this led to the commission of the fatal act.

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

HE came and stood beside the typewriter.

"I am greatly interested in you," he said tenderly. "Will you be my wife?"

The girl wrote four words before replying.

"No," she remarked finally, "I prefer to have you interested in me."

* * *

SHE: "I have a beautiful girl visiting me, and I want you to call to-morrow evening and meet her."

He: "Delighted. Shall I bring anyone with me?"

She: "Oh, no; it isn't necessary."

He: "But what will you do?"

* * *

"HUMAN beings cannot see in the dark," remarked the teacher.

"Sister can," replied the small pupil resolutely.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes'm. The hall was dark the other night, but sister knew that Mr. Jones had shaved off his moustache before he said a word about it."

* * *

MISS GIDDY (rising): "I think I hear papa's footsteps in the hall."

Young Grafton (to himself): "Well, that's lucky! After the theatre, and the supper that girl took, I'll have to beg him for the loan of cab fare home!"

* * *

"I THINK Miss Smith and Mr. Jones must be engaged; they have had their portraits taken together."

"Indeed? I am glad to hear it. I knew when I introduced them that she would be taken with him."

* * *

THE TRAMP: "Won't you give me a little assistance, sir? I've been out of employment for eight weeks."

The Gilded Youth: "That's nothing. I've been out of employment for eight years."

* * *

IRATE LADY: "You're the seventeenth man who has been here canvassing for pictures to-day, and——"

Bland Canvasser: "Ah! To think of sixteen frauds calling in one day. I hope you fired them out, ma'am."

TURF NOTES.

SANDOWN AND MANCHESTER.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S STEEPLECHASE.

THE GRAND ANNUAL HURDLE RACE.

THE GREAT SANDOWN STEEPLECHASE.

MANCHESTER DECEMBER HANDICAP.

FINAL SELECTIONS.

SHOULD the weather hold good, the sport provided at Sandown Park will attract a gathering who will be glad to escape the misty metropolis this afternoon, and as the entries are fully up to the average, good fields may be seen out contesting the various stakes. Those who are again to be found in the list are The Midshipmite and Roman Oak. Field Marshal will not be in possession of a winning commission, as he did on the last occasion when contesting the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase over this course in December last. Royal Red is another who, at the same meeting, placed the Junior Steeplechase to his credit, although his two opponents were more fancied for that event. Fetteresso, who is doubly engaged, may be held in reserve for the Handicap Steeplechase on Saturday, and not unlikely will give A. Nightingall an easy ride to secure the last event on the card, which will close the racing at Sandown Park for the year. From an interesting point of view, probably the Three-Year-Old Hurdle Race will afford spectators an opportunity to judge of the youngsters who have yet to display ability over the sticks—King Schœneus, Favour Royal, and Roland Græme, who was so unlucky to lose the value of his performance at Liverpool through the removal of one flight of hurdles. Although Favour Royal is in the same stable, Roland Græme should be the selected, for if danger is expected it may come from King Schœneus and Rivalry. The sensational Red Rube has plenty to carry in the Claremont National Hunt Race, therefore this may not be his journey; but the services of Mr. Teague will not be requisitioned to pilot the son of Esterling and Pixie should he again face the starter for this event. His five lengths victory was achieved in a canter when that gentleman rode and secured the event last year. At Lingfield, in the last race of the day, on Saturday, Baccarat won the Southern National Hunt Race, which will penalise him to the extent of 7lb, thus bringing him on the same mark as on that occasion with 11st 7lb, and as there are no obstacles to contend with in this event, it may be better business to rely upon latest form and trust to him. On Friday the Grand Annual Hurdle Race should be won by Partisan. The new importation to this line of business, Insurance, will find plenty of followers, and may be the trusted one from Stockbridge, although Deerstalker is going in capital form if wanted, and reports from their training quarters point to either, if selected for duty, making a close fight for premier honours at the finish. The Priory Steeplechase closed with twenty-two entries, and these do not appear to be of the first-class order. Hailstorm, starting at a long shot, was one too many for those engaged in the Winter's Keep Steeplechase at Lingfield, and may again secure a bracket in this event; if Black Duck, one of Galopin's sons, can only jump as cleverly as he can travel fast, then he may be found the best of this rather unreliable quantity. Ben Wyvis is certainly given a chance, and may be expected to finish in the front rank. Of Ceylon or Chip, the latter will be the mount of that clever young horseman, R. Woodland, in the Handicap Steeplechase, and will no doubt sustain his Kempton running by placing this to the credit of his stable. Ceylon, who defeated Musician, Ulysses, Lord of the Valley, Soltykoff, and Analysis, if sent again, may repeat the dose by beating his present opponents as he did when meeting those mentioned on that occasion, and in making a selection this unsexed son of Happy Land and Maia appears to be the likely one to do the trick. Baccarat and Unionist both figure in the Ladies' National Hunt Flat Race. For this, Unionist may be preferred to his stable companion, who has other engagements to face; Pampero should be able to take care of these if either oppose him, and his noble owner, Lord Molyneux, will no doubt be found in the saddle steering the gelding to victory, as on previous occasions when successful over this course. Saturday's programme will be found to contain the names of a few candidates who have, and no doubt will again find a place in the entries for the Grand National of '95, for such good chasers as Wild Man from Borneo, Ardcarn and The Primate should again try conclusions, but for the event under notice, the Great Sandown Steeplechase, Wild Man from Borneo will, with his nice impost, be the chosen one. The Primate, with his present weight, could not get on terms with Correze, who was the last winner; if the unforeseen turns up, it should be Schooner, from Ireland, who before this has been fancied for premier honours at timber-topping. Ballyohara, with but 2lb more than the last-named, is greatly fancied by his connections, and will furnish one in the first flight. Fetteresso may accept his engagement in the Handicap Steeplechase; if so he should go very close. Warrington has too much to carry, but Boy Chieftain's penalty will not interfere with his chance, and between these three the issue may rest. At Manchester, in the December Handicap, run on Tuesday, the 11th, Roman Oak and Seaside, with Harpist, are a likely trio, and in the Old Year Handicap Hurdle Race, Cameronian, with W. Nightingall's selected, will represent me. Below will be found the final selections:—

THURSDAY.

Sandown Park,
Rathdrum.
The Pelham Steeplechase,
The Midshipmite or St. Elmo.
A Three-Year-Old Hurdle Race,
Roland Græme.
Claremont Hunt Flat Race,
Baccarat.

FRIDAY.

A Handicap Steeplechase,
Chip.
The Grand Annual Hurdle Race,
Partisan or Insurance.
The Priory Steeplechase,
Outlaw.
The Ladies' Hunt Flat Race,
Pampero.

SATURDAY.

The Great Sandown Steeplechase,

Wild Man from Borneo	1
Ballyohara	2
Schooner	3

A Handicap Hurdle Race,
Cameronian or Baccarat.
A Handicap Steeplechase,
Fetteresso.
The Moore Place Hunt Flat Race,
Inuisheen.

MANCHESTER.

TUESDAY.

December Handicap.

Roman Oak ..	1
Seaside	2
Harpist	3

WEDNESDAY.

The Old Year's Handicap Hurdle.

Holmwood ..	1
Wetherby ..	2
Delvin	3

CHALK.

BERNARD SOANE-ROBY.

The Highly Popular Manager of Montague Roby's Famous Midget Minstrels, now Touring in the North of England.

(With Portrait.)

To Mr. Bernard Soane-Roby belongs the honour of bringing together a galaxy of youthful talent never before equalled. The combination of boy and girl minstrels will bear full comparison with adult organisations of the best on the road. In fact, many keen critics declare that the company is ahead of any other. Their singing, dancing, and instrumental music is of the best, and it is only necessary to state that several of the late members are strengthening some of the best opera companies, and others are working the halls, to testify to the excellence of their training. Bernard Soane-Roby (who is grandson of the late Sir John Soane, who gave the Soane Museum to the public) began life as a medical student, but afterwards graduated in the theatrical profession, in which he acquired some prominence. About ten years ago he formed the Midget Minstrels for his brother, Mr. Montague Roby, and took over the management. He is a thorough sportsman, and sees that the boys in his troupe are taught cricket, football, bicycling, boxing, and gymnastics.

HE: "Yes; I'm poor."

Miss Millyuns: "But you can't help that."

He: "No; but you can."

RESULTS OF SMOKING DRUGS.

How the Habit is Attained, its Sensations, and the Ghastly Sequel.

(Subject of Illustration.)

HASHEESH is fast taking the place of opium among smokers who aspire to the highest misery and the highest pleasure which can come from inhaling blue fumes from a long-stemmed pipe. It's against the law to sell it, but there are many places where you can buy it, and it pays handsomely the tradesman who takes the risk of selling it. He can get a high price for it.

"An ounce of hasheesh costs five shillings," said a young man who knows. "It comes high, but it's great. I have a smoke every Saturday afternoon, and I don't wake up until Sunday morning—and such dreams!"

Hasheesh is an Indian drug. It is obtained by making an infusion of the plant (Canabis indica) in hot water, to which butter or oil is added. The resin attaches itself to the melted butter or oil, and, when evaporated, is kneaded with flour and spices into pastiles or cakes called "majan." Simple infusions of the leaves and flowering tops are drunk in many parts of India by old and young alike at their festivals, just as alcoholic drinks are used too frequently on Boxing Day in this country.

But the hasheesh which we get in London, compared to that which is drunk on public occasions in its native haunts, is as comparing skim milk to buttermilk. A little of the imported article goes a long way. It is made up into a fine powder, and resembles snuff. Two pinches of it will furnish a man with enough dreams for a book of tropical poems.

It is nearly always used in combination with tobacco, although some of its devotees take it "straight," a fact which excites the envy and wonder of other hasheesh smokers. The hasheesh and tobacco are kneaded together in the palm of one hand. When they are thoroughly mixed the combination is pushed down tight into the bowl of the pipe. Some smokers sprinkle a little of the Indian drug upon their tobacco every time they smoke, and in this way they get the exhilaration without the dreams.

"The first effect of hasheesh," said a hasheesh smoker, "is of great exhilaration. You feel as if you were walking upon the soft moss of the banks of a placid lake, with rich foliage hanging over you. Then the birds begin to sing in the boughs. Presently you feel that you own all the world. The handmaidens of a queen, compared to which the finest opera ballet is tawdry indeed, are at your bidding. You feel you want to talk, and talk you do. Your tongue seems to move with the ease and rapidity of a humming-bird's wings.

"Presently there comes a desire to dance. A hundred maidens are at your elbow. Jumping to your feet from the golden throne on which you have been seated, you caper about with a fairy-like nimbleness, keeping time to a waltz played as no living master could play it. At last you find yourself lying upon the softest of couches, with a row of maidens on either side waving fans made of peacock feathers.

"You thought you had dreams before; but, oh no! you had not. It is now that you see such scenes as the brush of the painter or the pen of the writer cannot describe. You see ships made of diamonds reflected in waters of glass and the like. Then you fall asleep.

"The only drawback is the awful headache you have next morning. To compare opium to it is like comparing a country sitting-room to Cleopatra's court.

"In America Chinamen make it a business to prepare opium for women who are addicted to the habit, and find it quite profitable. Morphia, when injected after a spree, has a tendency to brace one up, but once it becomes a necessity the victim will inject it into the system, whether in a tram-car or in a private apartment. Spraying cocaine into the mouth frequently leads women into becoming slaves to narcotics, and it invariably terminates in a premature death."

TED MORTIMER.

An 8st 12lb Lad from Clare Market who has Fought with Success in the Old Style.

(With Portrait.)

ALTHOUGH so young (Ted Mortimer, of Clare Market, has seen but twenty summers), his record is a very creditable one. Standing 5ft 7in, and weighing in boxing costume 8st 12lb, Ted started boxing about four years ago. At the youthful age of sixteen he defeated the now celebrated Charley Tilley in one round. "Ted's" exploits at the Pelican Club, as narrated by "Ted," would fill a volume; but suffice it to say that the "gentle" Mortimer has invariably vanquished his Pelican opponents, except in the case of Bill James, when, as Mortimer avers, good judges (a rare commodity) thought that "Ted" had won. All Mortimer's contests as described by "Ted" have been "stubborn," "obstinate," or "close." Mortimer's more recent opponent was Pat Daley, of New York (to whom the Clare Market lad was conceding quite a stone), who defeated him in seven rounds. Mortimer has won several contests in the old style.

TOM MALTBY.

The Popular Manager of the Alhambra, Sandgate.

(With Portrait.)

TOM MALTBY is a familiar figure amongst music-hall managers and artistes, both in London and the provinces. In addition to being the proprietor of that successful and well-known theatre of varieties the Alhambra, Sandgate, in Kent, he has during his eventful career been a stevedore and tug owner. Tom is a well-known character around the vicinity of Pimlico, having for a number of years been associated with Morris and Abrahams, the well-known music-hall proprietors. Tom is a good fellow at heart, and one of the most genial and sociable of men, and whenever any of his friends sight the Buffalo Bill hat looming in the distance it is a sure sign that something is in store for them. Many artistes in the music-hall profession are aware of the helping hand and the good turns done by him to their colleagues that have never been heard of outside the two parties concerned, and whether you meet the subject of our illustration at his hall, at the docks, or at the York Corner, you never hear anything but good of him. With such provincial music-hall managers as Tom Maltby artistes find it a source of pleasure in working. The manager of a music-hall nowadays must combine in one person many parts and talents. He not only has to please his artistes, but he must be able to attract his audience, and, above all, he must be ready to repel the insidious attacks of those outside busybodies who try to make everyone's business their own. But Tom Maltby's name is legion at Sandgate. He has nothing to fear from prudes on the prowl or any of Mrs. Chant's clique. It was in 1890 that Tom entered upon his present position of proprietor of the Alhambra, Sandgate, and since his occupancy the place has rapidly become one of the most favourite resorts on the south coast. It has, of course, been greatly improved from time to time since then, and after many alterations and redecorations it stands out as the prettiest and most recherché of bijou lounges. In conclusion, Sandgate is to be congratulated on a manager who may be relied on to worthily maintain the reputation of the hall for high-class and unadulterated entertainment, and no one can boast a larger crowd of friends and admirers than Tom Maltby.

GEORGE JOHNSON, OF WALWORTH.

A Lad who has Gained Fistic Honours as a 7st 12lb Pugilist.

(With Portrait.)

FOR the last four years this well-known boxer has met with many remarkable successes; his long list of achievements against those who have opposed him place him at the head of the 7st 12lb division. He first saw the light at Walworth nineteen years ago, and took to boxing when fifteen years of age. At Natty's, in eight rounds, he beat D. West, and at the same place disposed of B. Silk in two rounds; D. Brown went under in six rounds; and four were sufficient for J. H. Marlow. J. Greenslade and H. Chamberlain cried content in ten and nine rounds respectively. The latter again met Johnson for the second time; this resulted in a draw, but later, in the third appearance, Johnson, in six rounds, displayed his ability and superiority by gaining the verdict. J. Dadds met Johnson, but left the job unfinished after one round and a half. D. Brown, for the second time, essayed to stop his victorious career, but fared no better than on the first occasion, losing after eight rounds had been fought; beat H. Wall in ten rounds; and at the National Sporting Club H. Coates lost to him in the seventh round. S. Phillips, in eight rounds, could do no better than the others, but in a twelve-round contest, at Lambeth, honours were easy; it resulted in a draw. J. Greenslade, at Croydon, had to again put up with second place to the invincible Johnson, as did L. Marker; also F. Harvey, the latter twice being beaten. Beat B. Black and G. Winters. His defeats were at the hands of Bob Collins, in fifteen rounds, and Joe Broad, in eight rounds, but Johnson's numerous victories speak eloquently of his fistic fame, which he appears able to maintain against all those who venture to doubt his powers.

THE VICTIM OF A JOKE.

A Violinist Finds a Doll, in Place of an Instrument, Lodged in His Box.

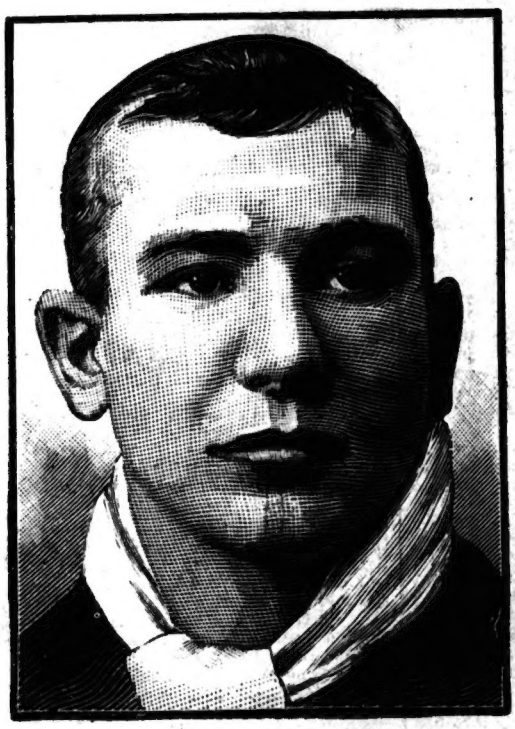
(Subject of Illustration.)

IN North Kent a musical and dramatic entertainment was given the other evening, and one of the principal events was to have been solos upon a violin. The professor stepped upon the stage, and, after bowing to the audience, he laid his box on a chair close by the piano. He opened the box with much dignity in order to take therefrom his instrument, when, much to his discomfiture, he found, instead of a violin, a large size doll which had been placed there by some of his enemies who wished to make him the victim of a practical joke.

LILY IVEY.

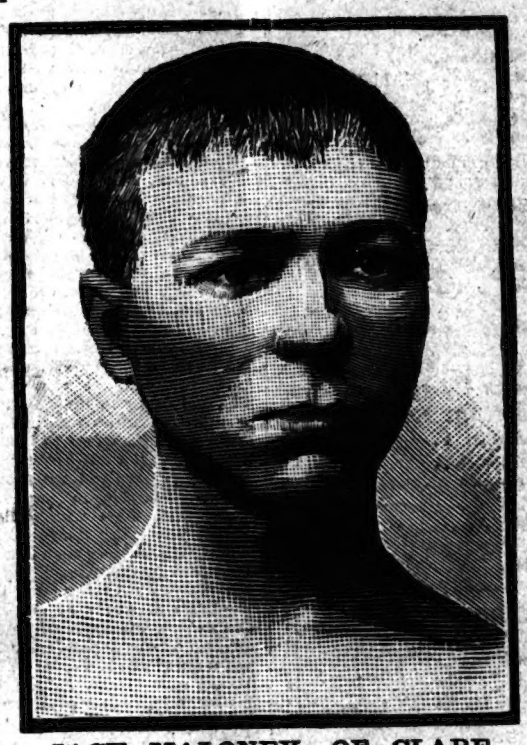
NELLY IVEY.

A Clever and Popular Music-Hall Team who are Appearing at the London Halls.



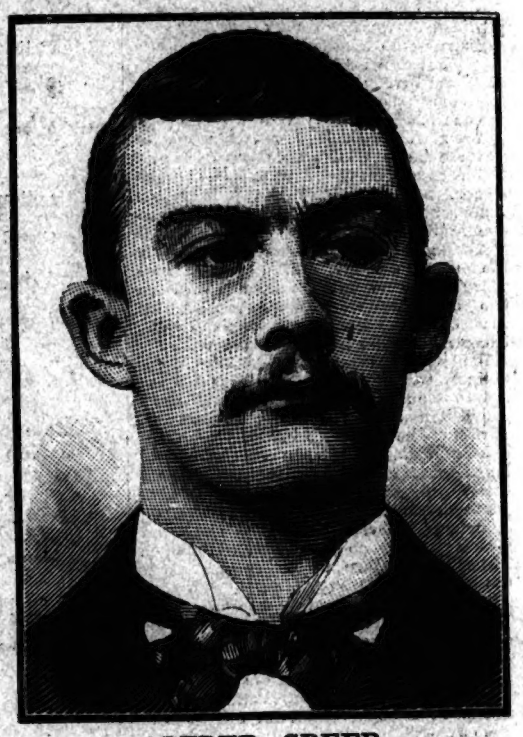
GEORGE JOHNSON, OF WALWORTH.

A Lad who has Gained Fistic Honours as a 7st 12lb Pugilist.



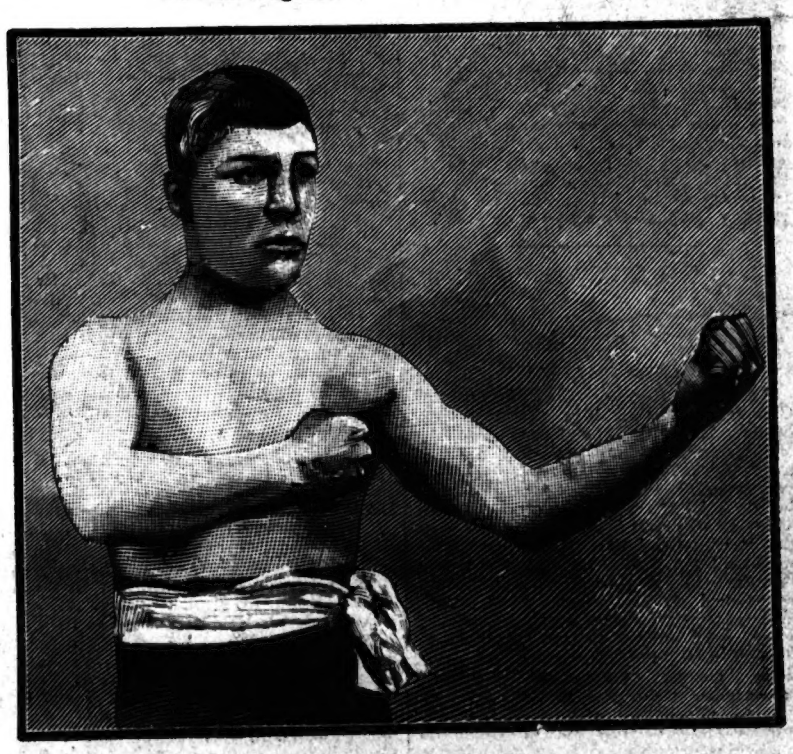
JACK MALONEY, OF CLARE MARKET.

A 7st Lad with a Creditable Record.



ALFRED GREER.

A St. Luke's Lad who is a Clever 8st Pugilist.



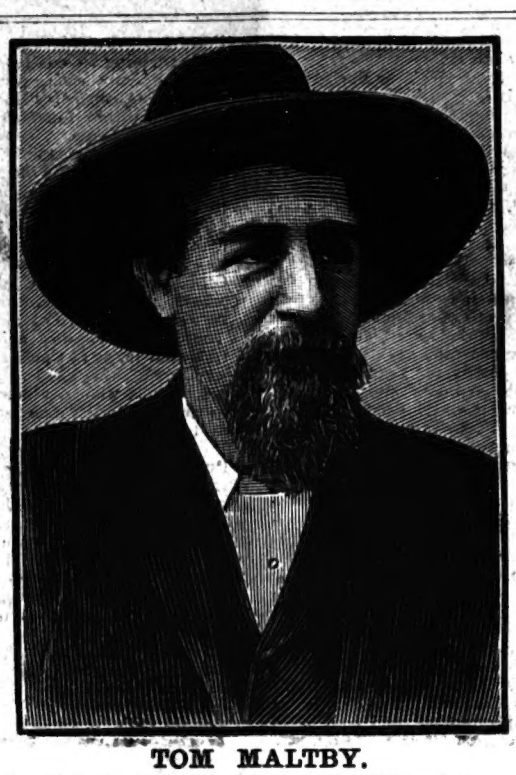
TED MORTIMER.

An 8st 12lb Lad from Clare Market who has Fought with Success in the Old Style.

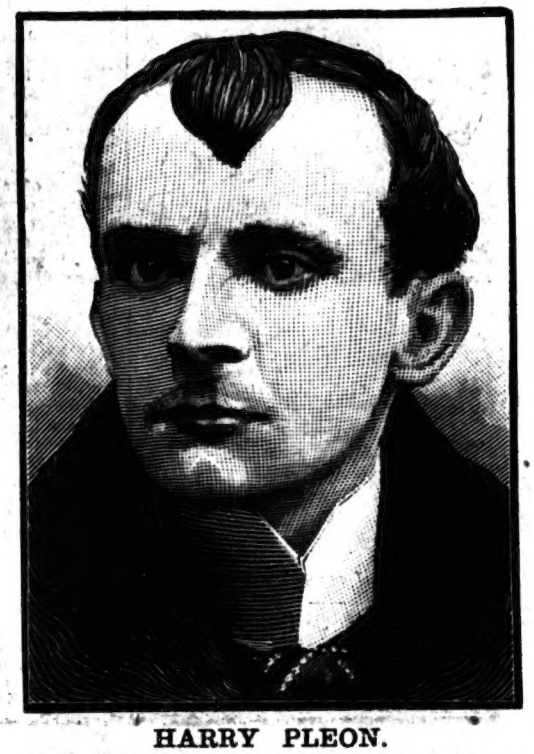
TIM SULLIVAN.

A 7st 12lb Pugilist who Upholds the Honours of Drury Lane.

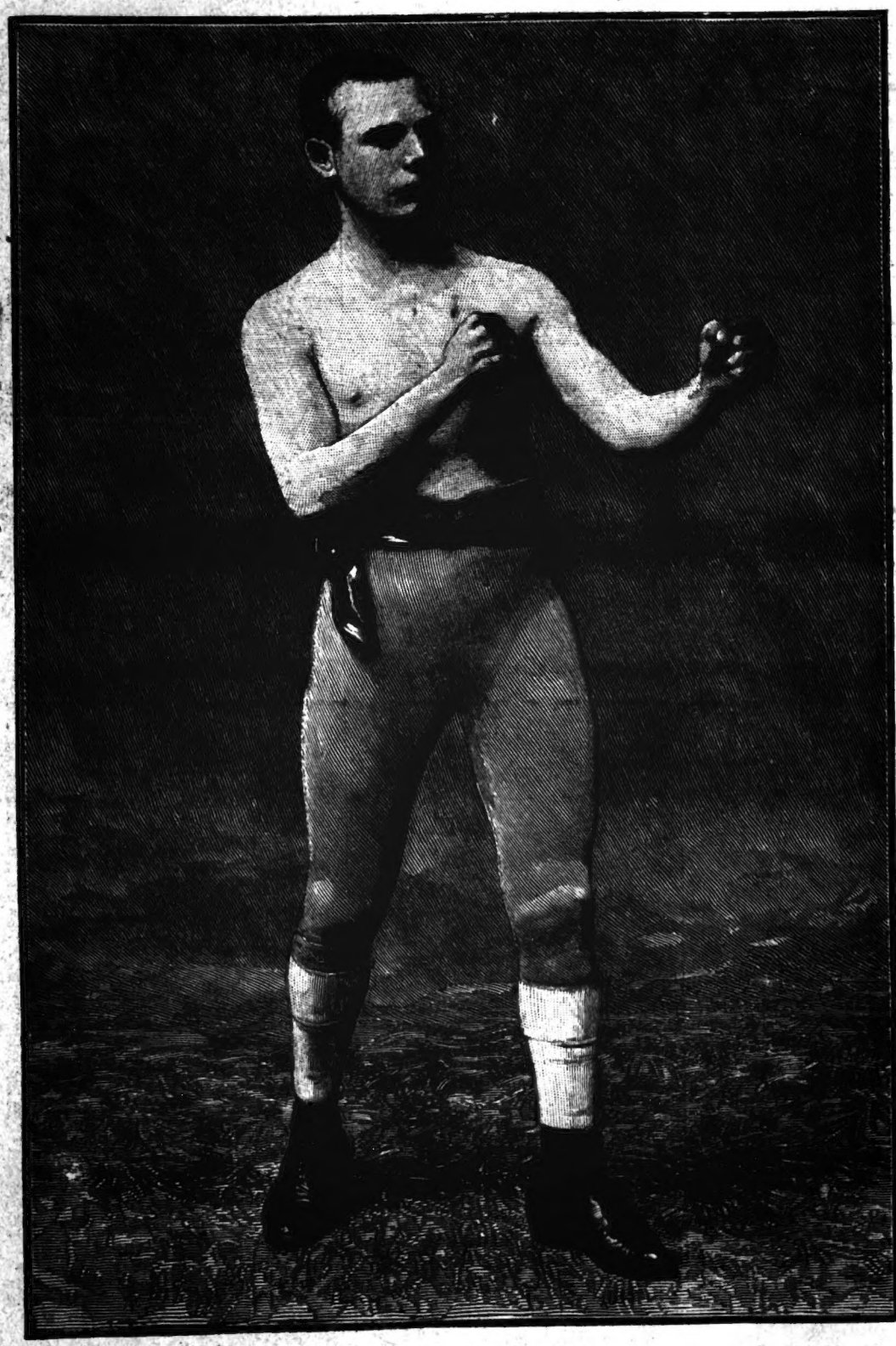
BERNARD SOANE-ROBY.
The Highly Popular Manager of Montagu Roby's Famous Midget Minstrels.



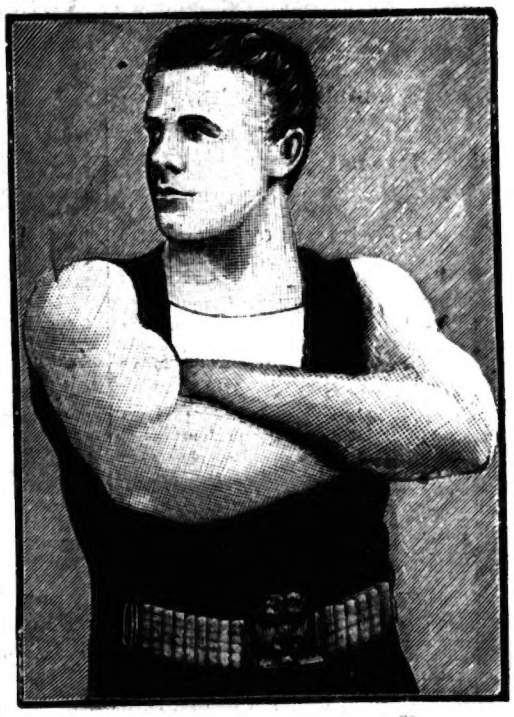
TOM MALTBY.
The Popular Manager of the Alhambra, Sandgate.



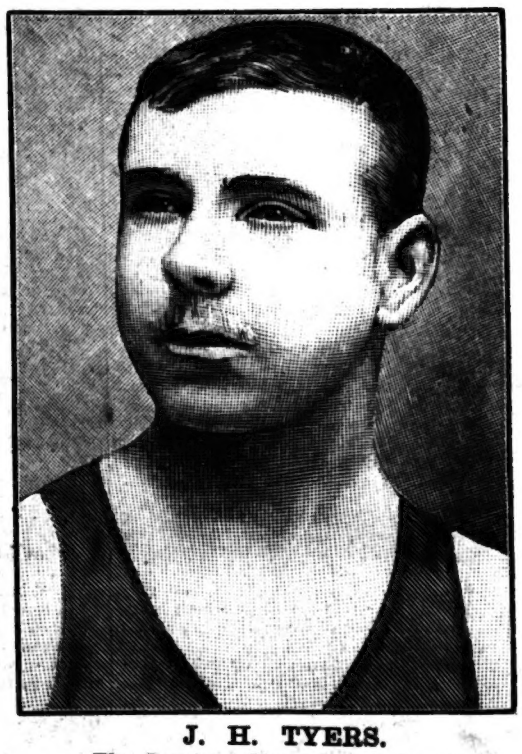
HARRY PLEON.
A Performer who is a Favourite with Music-Hall Patrons.



BILLY PLIMMER.
The 8st Champion who Wants to Come Here to Fight George Corfield at 7st 12lb.



JOHN MARX.
A Strong Man who is Exhibiting on the Music-Hall Stage.



J. H. TYERS.
The Amateur Champion Swimming Phenomenon.

Slavin to Leave England.

Proposed Visit to South Africa.

Craig v. Pritchard.

International Fight.

Champion Middle-Weights Training.

Will Jackson Fight the Cooler?

Lively Battles at Central Hall.

Mike Small Beats Ernest Pickard.

The National Sporting Club's Meeting.

Gossip of the Fancy at Home and Abroad.

(With Portrait.)

SLAVIN'S proposed visit to South Africa early this month has induced us to give his portrait and a briefly retrospective view of that worthy's career since he landed on these shores.

It was early in August, 1889, that we received the following telegram announcing the advent of the boxer to ourselves only:—

Brindisi, August 2, 1889.

Sir,—I beg to inform you that F. P. Slavin (champion boxer of Australia) will arrive by the steamer Carthage on the 12th of this month, when he will be prepared to fight any man in England.

JOHN LEWIS,
Manager to F. P. Slavin.

Slavin did not take the town by storm; on the contrary, his arrival caused no stir. In company with his manager, Slavin found lodgings at Devereux Court, Strand, and from there he issued his defi to the world.

Long did Slavin languish for a foe. In the meantime, chewing the cud of idleness, he did not disdain to visit such obscure pubs as the White Swan, kept by Charley Bates and others of the kind, and as in those days Slavin did not drink, his refreshment usually taking the form of a cigar.

As matters could not be arranged with Jem Smith, to the surprise of the boxing world Bill Goode took up Slavin's defi, assigning the rather peculiar reason for taking on a man so much bigger than himself that he was sure he could beat a man dressed in a coat like that—alluding at the time to the peculiar make of Slavin's garment.

We don't know who found the money for Bill Goode, but we shrewdly suspect that after Slavin's early morning fizzle with Arthur Cockburn, Mandeville (afterwards the late Duke of Manchester), and Mike Bentley the money was found for Bill in that direction. Perhaps the late Dicky Able may have manipulated the affair.

However, be that as it may, the men met on the stage at Astley's Theatre, and Slavin may thank Frank Hinde for the precautions he took by forming a cordon of police round the stage, or this fight would have been lost.

As it was, when it was seen matters were going badly with Master Goode a most desperate and determined attempt was made to break in to the ring—an attempt which would certainly have been successful but for the strenuous resistance offered by the bobbies.

[We were highly amused the other evening when a manager, acting on behalf of one of the combatants in the late fight, excitedly exclaimed when the "Coffee Cooler" was the subject in question: "Don't we give everybody fair play?" Why, this gentleman was the most active in the melée on the stage of Astley's Theatre.]

A chair was thrown which went dangerously near Slavin; but when order was restored and Slavin proclaimed the winner, Joe Thompson, who had neglected this boxer since his arrival in England, thirsting for advertisement, led the hero of the hour to the front, as though he had been his chief friend and only backer.

It was while training at the Rock Hotel, Margate, for his fight with Jem Smith that Slavin made the acquaintance of his present wife, Miss Edith Slater. It is matter of history that had Slavin been twenty Slavins he could not have won the fight with Jem Smith.

First of all, the referee, the late Joe Vesey, received a pony (£25) from a gentleman on the Smith side (not the late Squire) for his exes; then someone else received a large cheque to get some special constables together to see *fair* play; and, lastly, the poor Squire was taken from his bed to go abroad, scarcely conscious that he paid for everything.

There is a golden ointment for every wound, and this no doubt blinded Slavin. He did not hold anybody accountable for the outrage at Bruges, and the Pelican tribunal, finding they could not make the dumb speak or the blind see, found the Scotch verdict, "Not proven."

When Slavin met, or was to meet, Joe McAuliffe, three clubs—the Social, the Ormonde, and the Pelican—bid against each other for the privilege of the fight. An anonymous donor, easily recognisable at the time, added a further £200 to the sum offered by the Social, and made the purse £1,000; but the fight eventually took place at the Ormonde, lasting only a few minutes.

Slavin has been defeated by Jackson, his old mentor, and also by Jim Hall, both Australians, at the National. The latter battle was simply farcical, and Slavin has since made the daring statement that he was poisoned. Who by?

George Ware told us that after Slavin's fight with Smith at Bruges he obtained for him at the Aquarium the sum of £400 per week. Not a bad screw, if true.

In little more than five years' sojourn in this country Slavin has made a name. He has fought five times, winning three and losing two battles, he has run two pubs., he has been married, and he has been bankrupt; now he only requires to be divorced to beat record.

Speaking of South Africa reminds us of James Couper, who won the last big championship fight. Couper is also an Australian, born of Scottish parents. He arrived in South Africa in 1883, and his first engagement was with one Cover-well (the ladies' pet)—this latter title is a bit of South African humour—whom he defeated.

In July, 1889, the boxing world was startled by a combat for the Championship of South Africa, not so much on account of the ability of the men as for the enormity of the stakes.

Wolff Bendoff, whom we had seen in this country settled by "Toff" Wall in four rounds, giving in just when "Toff" was beginning to like the job, arrived in South Africa and induced the Jew diamond merchants to believe that he was a champion.

The result was that Wolff was matched against the then Champion Coupar, his (Wolff's) backers staking £2,500 against Coupar's £2,000. The latter weighed 11st 3lb and stood 5ft 8in, while Wolffy stood quite 6ft.

Coupar's hitting power was enormous. He quite demolished the pretensions of Wolffy to championship form, and the largest stake on record was won in the smallest possible amount of time.

Wolff Bendoff some time since was sentenced to seven "stretch" at Liverpool for striking a man with an iron bar. His uncle, poor old Bendoff, the Jewish champion, to whom Wolffy used to send a "bit," not receiving his remittance, absolutely starved to death in Petticoat Lane.

Aye! and the beauty of it is that, although old Bendoff was slowly starving, all his co-religionists thought that he was kidding. We remember Joe Aaron (the son of Barney Aaron, the Star of the East) once reproving us for say in "Poor Bendoff!"

"Poor Bendoff! Yes, yer may well say 'poor Bendoff'! I buys him a greatcoat, and what does he do? Why, he takes it off and wears his old clothes, and why? Why, because when he's 'Poor Bendoff' people will give him money, and when he's clobbered in a good greatcoat they won't."

And yet when "Poor Bendoff" died they did not find the hoard in his old clothes they expected. He died without a stiver—dropped dead, and at the inquest on his remains a foolish coroner brought in a verdict that he had died from privation—otherwise starvation—and cold; kidded, you see, to the last. Alas, poor Bendoff!

Wolffy's seven "stretch" will very soon expire, and we regret that he will never see his old uncle in the flesh again. We knew something of poor Bendoff. We had his portrait sketched in Joe Aaron's bar, and we can honestly say that the old man never pulled our ear down; all he asked for whenever we met was, "Can yer let us have one of them 'ere portraits, guv'nor?"

* * *

IT has been many years since an international middle-weight fight has been decided in England, hence the vast amount of interest centred in the proposed mill between Ted Pritchard, English champion, and Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, coloured middle-weight champion of the world. The match was arranged at The Rose, in Jermyn Street, November 27, when Pritchard and Craig saw each other for the first time. It was a matter of but few moments for the men to arrange details, and after a set of articles were drafted they attached their names, agreeing to contest the best of ten rounds, of 3min each, according to the Marquis of Queensberry Rules, in the city of London, within four weeks time, for a wager of £100 a-side.

The men are restricted to 11st 4lb each in weight at two o'clock on the afternoon of the day set for the fight, and each has posted with Pony Moore £50 as a forfeit on the weight. Four ounce gloves will be used, and Mr. B. J. Angle will officiate as referee.

* * *

ON November 28, Charles Mitchell, representing Pritchard, met Craig at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office, and after a consultation it was agreed that the bout should occur at Central Hall, Holborn, December 19, the affair to be managed by Frank Hinde, who advanced a favourable proposition as to the amount of money he should give for the winner.

* * *

PRITCHARD is in training for the event at Romford, near Margate, and will leave no stone unturned to get himself as fit as possible. He fully realises that in facing the Coffee Cooler he will have to bring all his science and pluck into play in order to maintain his title as the English middle-weight champion. Being full of confidence he will advise all his supporters to place their money on his chances of success. Mitchell is stopping close to Romford, and will assist in preparing the champion for his match, and it is said that when the men enter the ring on the night of the 17th Charley will be seen in Ted's corner as principal second.

* * *

The Coffee Cooler is quartered at Eltham, and has for his trainer Bill Miles, of Somers Town. He is ten pounds above the stipulated weight, but expects to reduce himself to the middle-weight limit in the course of next week. It is hardly probable that he will ever again consent to mill at 11st 4lb, because he has grown to such an extent since coming to this country that he finds himself big enough now to enter the ranks as a heavy-weight. In the event of his success over Pritchard, Craig will endeavour to bring about a fight with Peter Jackson. He has every confidence in his ability to defeat the coloured heavy-weight, and as Peter is unable to induce any of the other big 'uns to take him on, the Coffee Cooler wants the chance, and will accept reasonable odds to the sum of £200 that he will defeat Jackson

* * *

WE suppose the attendance at the Central Hall is in proportion to the expenses. When the hall is large and the attendance small, one feels almost friendless and cheerless when empty chairs and not excited and eager faces are the surroundings.

* * *

IN the days of old, when almost every scrapper who kept a pub. had a boxing room, the boxing was far better when the price of admittance was a trifle, and the boxer, after undue exertion, was rewarded with a "shower."

* * *

THE curtain-raiser last Thursday was an eight-round contest between Bert Smith, of Edmonton, and Arthur Lock. It was evident to the merest tyro that unless Smith could knock his opponent out he could never win on points. This he did not appear to have sufficient strength to accomplish. In the last two rounds of the contest Smith was blowing like a grampus, and the spectators and Smith must have been relieved when the eight rounds had been brought to a conclusion, and Lock hailed as the winner.

* * *

Two small lads, who ought at that hour of night to have been in their beds, and whom the promoter of the show announced as Wise, of somewhere, and Turner, of somewhere else, next stood up. We are sorry we did not catch their different localities, but as nothing unusual occurred, and they are not nursing future champions, it must suffice for us to say that Tom Turner beat Bill Wise.

* * *

MOST of the spectators were looking forward to the bout between Tom Harris and the newest importation, Pat Daley, so that when George Winters beat Ginger Brompton and Bill Hoad beat Dick Edwards, the few occupants of the chairs—cane-bottom and velvet—slued themselves round to witness the match between the representatives of New York and the Blue Anchor.

* * *

WE don't know whether Daley strikes terror into the hearts of his opponents by his Mendoza-like attitude; but in spite of his giving his adversary notice of his movements, he still manages to score. The bull-like rushes of Harris were ineffectual to stall Daley off, and matters progressed pretty evenly until the last round, when the man from New York managed to stay longest and secure the verdict.

* * *

THE great event of the evening, the show between Burke and Horace King, was of the usual hit, stop, and get-away character. It is a great many years since we saw Burke win his amateur championship at the German Gymnasium. With the exception of a few teeth, Jack has lost nothing since then.

After slapping soles together all day, Horace King, just for the sake of a little variety, may be glad to hear the clapping of hands; but what does he get for his show besides honour?

Another gold medal, perhaps; and it will then be worth a bit extra to have your plaice or haddock filleted by the amateur champion, who, if he goes on in this way, will have more medals on his chest than any commissionaire in the service.

* * *

FRANK HINDE'S show on Saturday was full—full of fog. But, there—

Do we sleep, do we dream, or are visions about?

We are led to doubt the evidence of our senses by the constant report by the daily Press of crowded houses. Surely it must be, as in the case of a recent boxing match, "we have our own reporters, and we don't want no more;" or else it must be some mirage which obscures our vision, deludes us, and causes us to see little where there is evidently a great deal.

* * *

WE certainly have not the celebrated million magnifying glasses of hextra magnifying power, which *might* have enabled the immortal Sam Weller to see up a flight of stairs and through a deal door; so, therefore, we are to be pitied; but for the life of us we cannot understand the phrases, "well-filled" and "crowded houses"!

If these boxers, as we have been informed, are bought like pheasants at so much per brace equally divided between winner and loser, one would think it does not so much matter who wins and who loses, and a contestant may cease to be a tryer as soon as he finds he has met his master.

* * *

Now we know different. It is honour—the honour of winning and adding to his record that is the boxer's sole ambition, and not filthy lucre, or why do the subjects of our illustrations spend weeks in compiling their records, the revised copy usually appearing in the shape of two closely-written pages of foolscap, with an intimation to the editor not to give a line "the knock out."

We have before us as we write a case in which honour was all-paramount in the breast of a boxer, and this can be substantiated by credible witnesses. We were once asked to referee a competition composed wholly of coloured men by Sergeant Green, in the boxing room of a pub off Red Lion Court.

The room was small, and the coloured men, when first gathered on the scene, numerous, and, the time being summer, the atmosphere *feel*-id. Soon, when it was found that two sable warriors, Ching Ghook and Felix Scott, of Liverpool, had entered, the ten little nigger boys dwindled away to three, but the interest of the evening was centred in the encounter between Ching Ghook and Felix Scott.

Another time we may relate some exciting incidents in black and white which took place during this evening; but as we are treating of a boxer's honour, we must for the present let them slide.

* * *

BEING requested to give our decision, we motioned the man to the judges, the unfortunate Donovan, the bridge jumper, and Professor Gregg. Unfortunately, they sat in Ching Ghook's corner, and the second, Private Delaney, Irishman like, thinking we referred to Ching Ghook, shouted, "Ching Ghook's the winner, genelmen!"

In vain we tried to rectify the mistake. It was of no use; Ching Ghook had been proclaimed the winner, and a winner he insisted on remaining. Pulling off the gloves, the sable champion blubbered, "It is the honour that I fought for! It is the honour," and though Ching was reminded of the purse for valour—a few shillings—Green could not pacify the black.

* * *

BUT to our muttons. In the eight-round contests of Saturday evening, at the Central Hall, the battle was to public favourites. Bill Hullett (Islington) beat A. Bonehill (Hoxton), G. Johnson (Walworth) beat T. Phillips (Westminster), D. Wheeldon (Battersea) beat G. Beaumont (Edmonton), W. Gunn (Woolwich) beat A. Canvin (St. Luke's), J. Barry (Bloomsbury) beat B. Vanna (Leicester).

* * *

GIVE us a song, or a dance is all very well; but when a boxer's usual amount of oratory consists of "Thank you, genelmen, one and all," speechifying by the boxing fraternity, even by champions, may be amusing, but just enough speech and not too much should be the order of the day.

But the boxing stage at the Central seems to be divided between boxing and oratory. We suppose fighting and oratory never did go well together, and never will. First Slavin, then Jem Smith, then Charley Mitchell, then Jem Mace, and last, but not least, that irrepressible showman, Pony Moore, spoke to the small audience of the large house.

They all wanted or were going to do something in the dim and distant future. Mace spoke of giving away years, and not about his proposed match with Tom Allen in America. Slavin spoke of meeting Joe Steers; and Jem Smith—well, what about the match at the Criterion? As for Charley Mitchell we hope when he meets Corbett or Fitzsimmons he will make as good a pile of dollars as he did when he recently met Corbett.

* * *

WE noticed at the Central Hall that the

old scrappers' brigade has been disbanded. Now we should like to call the attention of the management to the case of one man, Jack Haley, to whom a little employment would be an act of charity.

His record is respectable. He conducted a boxing saloon where we in our youth first put on a glove, and he lived opposite this show for thirty years, respected and respectable. Recently the house was marked for "diss," and old Jack had to look out for fresh fields and pastures new.

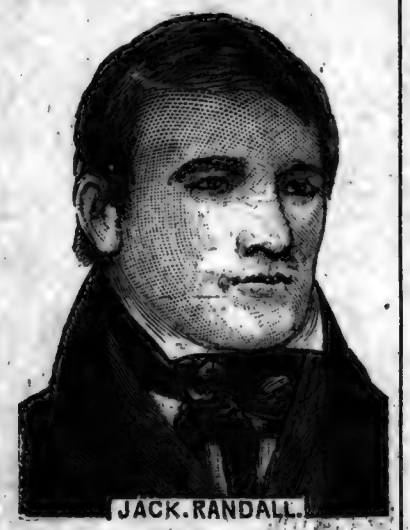
Now, in the old dwelling Jack could keep a dog or two, and his clients knew where to find him; thus, between doctoring and selling a dog, and the old woman doing a bit of graft, Jack managed to rub on; but now——.

Well, Jack after these many years has gone into the "models," and if things do not alter he will go into the woolhole. The "models" are no doubt good dwellings; but, good as they are, they are not the old show on the hill.

"Guv'nor," said he, "believe me, it's like being in 'stir.'" We can't speak of the similarity from experience, nor do we think, from Jack's record, that he can; but the uniformity of the model dwellings is certainly not unlike that of the model prison.

We have also this to say: Jack's wife has kept an apple stall in Chancery Lane, under the most ancient archway in London, for forty years, and now the heat of summer and the snows of winter have incapacitated her from sitting behind the stall in cold weather.

Another interesting feature of the case is that her mother occupied the same pitch for forty years before her daughter, and many a drop of rum has she had in the house opposite (now a Bodega), which in those days was the Hole-in-the-Wall, proprietored by that "prime Irish Boy," Jack Randall, whose deeds were sung by no less a poet than Tom Moore, and who was never defeated.



JACK. RANDALL.

We suppose Jack Randall was one of the cleverest men at his weight who ever lived. Ring historians describe him "like a bird on a tree," and his combats with Ned Turner, the Welshman, and Jack Martin, "The Master of the Rolls," were so bloody, bold, and resolute that they were the admiration and wonder of the Fancy, and regret at the time was expressed that the combatants could not both win.

Randall died like most pugilists—young. He gave up the ghost at the Hole-in-the-Wall, Chancery Lane, at the early age of thirty, or little over, and, as Jack was a fervent Catholic, we have no doubt the old applewoman at her stall opposite *tolled* her beads as they *tolled* the bell for Jack's funeral.

* * *

Mike Small, of Holloway, and Ernest Pickard, of Hoxton, have met on six occasions within the roped arena, in limited round glove contests and in battles of six rounds duration. The Hoxton lad has shown himself the master. He has gained the verdict three times in contending with Small, and the latter concluded that in a prolonged contest he could reverse matters. It resulted in the pair coming together for a twenty-round meeting at the National Sporting Club, December 3, for a purse. Both were restricted to 7st 4lb each in weight, and when they faced each other on Monday night Pickard ruled a favourite at 5 to 4 on. He found little trouble in gaining a slight lead, and for half a dozen rounds it looked very much like the Hoxton lad gaining the honours. Small, however, stuck to his work and gradually evened matters up. He punished Pickard severely about the face, and managed to plant some telling hits on the ribs. After ten rounds had been gone through Pickard lost his steam and resorted to tapping, whilst Small, who hit with effect, appeared slow, and failed to follow up many openings to land heavy blows. In the fifteenth round Pickard was floored, but slowly arose and struggled on, only to be again put down in the beginning of the eighteenth round. Upon getting up Small forced his adversary to the floor; Pickard got up in a dazed condition and wanted to continue, but Referee Angle brought matters to a halt by declaring in favour of Small.

In a preliminary bout Ted Cain, of Birmingham, had to accept a lot of gruel from Sid Robinson, and it so vexed him that he declined to accept the call of time, but wanted to continue on. Robinson was willing, but Mr. Fleming ordered the couple to adjourn to the dressing-room.

* * *

Peter Jackson and David St. John were introduced for a friendly bout, and it was friendly, too, because both, "hog fat," clamoured into each other's arms in a most affectionate manner. The rounds were of extremely short duration, but long enough to convince the critics that Jackson had suffered the loss of his old-time agility.

* * *

Joe Steers, the amateur heavy-weight champion, was in attendance, and in an argument respecting his fistic ability, a match was proposed between Steers and Ted White, and a twenty-round contest was talked of to occur at the National Sporting Club in January for a £200 trophy. Steers expressed himself prepared to meet any man in the world at 11st 4lb in a ten or twenty-round battle, and when Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, was advised to that effect the coloured champion readily consented to a fight with Steers. An effort will be made to bring them together in January. The Cooler is willing; all he asks is a fair remuneration for services rendered in the event of his success.

* * *

We think the "National" or any other club quite right in relegating a certain class of bruisers and their often foul-mouthed backers to the back of the show, with an intimation, backed by forcible persuasion if necessary, that they are to quit the show when their business is over, but foreign boxers ought not to be relegated to the same treatment as this class of customer.

* * *

By the by, how many pugilists see the error of their ways in not listening to their trainers, and bitterly regret in the hour of their defeat their folly? We know that getting down to weight is even worse than a prolonged fight; but the man ought to know what is at stake, and profit by the advice of his mentor.

We remember when Jack Jones, the son of the proprietor of the Lambeth School of Arms, was matched to fight he was taken in hand by Barney Sheppard, who attempted to train the youth in the old style. This drastic system did not suit Master Jack, who thought the purging Master Barney was administering to him was killing him, so he gave his trainer leg bail, and started home, with the result that he lost the fight.

By the by, to see Jack now at the Tavistock, Covent Garden, no one would recognise the genteel youth of former days. Bookmaking seems to add to the pile both of money and of flesh.

* * *

We were reminded of the above and several other instances when we noticed Dick Moore, the recent middle-weight importation, after his defeat by Driscoll. The jubilation of the previous day had given place to the most intense dejection. When it was too late he could see his folly, and bitterly regretted not listening to the advice of his trainer. So poignant was his grief that he resolved thoroughly to renounce boxing and all its works and pomps.

Thus is a good lad lost to the profession he might have adorned owing to his own obstinacy. We suppose boxers, like more intellectual beings, suffer from "*Nostalgia*" or home sickness, and Moore had the disorder very bad.

He had left a young wife in America, and since his sojourn here she has made the *un*happy father a parent, and as Moore was anxious to see his child and receive the sympathy of his wife in the hour of his defeat, he made tracks for America shortly after his battle at the "National."

Moore is a boiler-maker by trade, and Alec Burns is almost in the same line of business. "I can earn my fifty shillings per week easily," said Alec Burns to us prior to his fight with Pritchard, "and I can go back to work if I lose." We were so surprised at a man giving up in these hard times fifty shillings per week to go scrapping, that we advised Alec in the days of long ago to go to work by all means.

* * *

We believe that at one period of his existence Jem Mace was informed, so the story has it, by the usual fortune-teller that he would never want. We believe that this idea has so far possessed him that he has squandered his money like water—"doing in" during his active service about £35,000.

Old Ben Caunt used to assert that there is a mug born every minute, and there always seems one to hand for Jem every time the old one is used up. At the present time Jem has two. Like the Captain in the "Beggar's Opera," his refrain is not "How happy could I be with either," but "I can do with them both."

Friend No. 1 is Mr. "Jolly." Very few Scotchmen are "jolly," they are usually too sober-sided; but Mr. "Jolly" is conviviality personified; in fact, his constant refrain is—

"Merrily fill the flowing bowl until it does run over.
We'll get drunk to-night, my boys; to-morrow we'll get sober."

"Jolly" does not say, like the quarrelsome Yank, "You'll either drink or you'll fight," but he expects you to make yourself at home, and, like Barnaby Rudge's raven, he delights in the popping of corks.

Friend No. 2 is Colonel Pluto. Now, Pluto does the thing handsomely. "Jem," says the Colonel, "I love you. If I were not Colonel Pluto I'd be Jem Mace." And the Colonel does more than this. He says: "Come in here, Jem" (meaning his carriage), and he pops a hundred-pound note into the old warrior's hand, tells him to call on him for another when the first one is spent, and to look out for a good pub, and he (the Colonel) will stand the racket. Now, that is what we call a pal!

* * *

We notice a benefit to Sergeant Green's old pet, the "Pocket Knifton." The gallant sergeant has unearthed a good many boxers, but none so funny as this one, who, in consequence of his stunted growth, is styled the "Pocket Knifton."

The late Professor Hundreds suffered, as do a great many old pro's when they fall into the sere and yellow, from a peculiar form of disease styled impecuniosity. It was the practice of a large firm of butchers to allow "Hundreds," who had a large family, to clear the offal; and we remember one evening, when he was doorkeeper at the Agricultural Hall, he deposited a sack behind the refreshment bar. When the performance was over, "Hundreds," who had imbibed not wisely, but, alas, too well, went to the bar to claim his sack, which he seized at the wrong end, and, to the horror of the spectators, several bloody heads rolled out on to the ground. It is not necessary to say that they were sheep's.

* * *

The "Pocket Knifton," as we have said before, is of a peculiarly larky disposition, and one evening "Hundreds" was at the bar of the Red Lion, where Green had his boxing room, and, being a little far gone as usual, he deposited a fine calf's head on the counter while he, as often when in liquor, expounded his views on boxing, which generally consisted of a disquisition on the two styles—the old style and the new.

* * *

While the argument was at its height the "Pocket Knifton" slyly seized the calf's head, and gave it into the keeping of the landlady behind the bar. "Hundreds" shortly after preparing to go home, and, as he used to say, "show a good wife a bad husband," missed his calf's head, the "Pocket Knifton" was not at hand to explain matters, and there was hunting high and low for the missing calf's head, Hundreds exclaiming that some one had robbed his old woman and the kids of their Sunday meal.

As soon as the "Pocket Knifton" arrived upon the scene matters were explained, and the calf's head was unearthed from behind the bar, the landlady being unaware of the cause of the bubbub. The wrath of "Hundreds" was assuaged by a drink; but the fun of the business is that before the lost calf's head was found Hundreds persisted in saying there were two. Every drunken man they say can see double, and this was verified in the case of Hundreds.

That "Admirable Crichton" of athletics, C. B. Fry, the well-known Oxford Blue, sighing for more games to conquer, took on football with the idea of acquiring still another "blue," making a fourth, but his chance is jeopardised by a serious accident.

Football, like every other game, has its failings, and no trainer who has a boxer under his charge should allow that charge to resort to it. At Wheathamstead, which used to be a noted place for training boxers, the clergyman of the district was very fond of recruiting his team by means of any athlete staying in the locality, and Knifton, when training for his fight with Jem Smith, fell under the parson's powers of persuasion.

"I wonder why the clergyman has not called?" said Knifton on the eve of a village contest to his trainer, Pooley Mace. Pooley was silent, at which Knifton remarked, "I suppose it is some of your work, Master Pooley," to which remark the trainer sagely replied, "Well, your backers, who have placed £200 on your chance with Smith, have entrusted you to my care, and you won't play football with my consent. I told the parson so when he called—but I did not tell you."

* * *

When Bill Goode was training in the same locality to fight Arthur Bobbett (which fight took place in the Circus at Manchester), Master Bill, who was trained by a friend, did play football, with the result of a very much sprained ankle.

Had Arthur Bobbett possessed the requisite devil, this sprained ankle would have lost Master Bill the fight. As it was Bill did not breathe freely until at least six rounds of the twelve-round contest had been fought; and noting Bobbett's style of action, he turned round to "Chippy," who was in his corner, and remarked, "I think I can win now."

This contest was a very funny one, in that "Chippy" and his trusty henchman, George Probert, had taken opposite corners, and when after the fight an adjournment was made to the Queen's Hotel, Manchester, where we were voted to the chair, the principal source of attraction on that eventful evening was the passage-at-arms between "Chippy" and Probert.

* * *

We were not at all surprised when the Burge party lodged an objection to the giving up the stakes on the score of a foul; and we think the Pritchard party were well advised when they conceded fifty pounds as a solatium. Things could not have had a better ending.

* * *

We remember some years since when Lees and Bill Goode met for the second time at Waite's School of Arms. A present big functionary on a daily sport, when appointed timekeeper, brought from his pocket a common every-day watch in order to take the time. Interested persons suggested a chronograph, and one was handed to the timekeeper, which he agreed to use. Whether unskilled in its use or not, he allowed the time allowance for the round to be so protracted that a party of the name of Nicholls, who was in the front seats, shouted "Time!"

* * *

The men immediately adjourned to their corners, but as the timekeeper protested that he had not called "Time!" Jem Goode, who was seconding his brother, urged him to continue the combat, and, crossing the ring, Bill Goode struck Tom Lees as he sat in his corner attended by his second.

A cry of "Foul!" was raised, and a representative of the Daily Oracle of Sport gave a verdict to Lees on the foul. However, the opposite side placed an embargo on the stakes, and a meeting was held at the office of the stakeholder, at the Daily Oracle. The editor, most anxious to oblige both parties (after old Goode had expounded the laws governing boxing), brought the affair in a draw. Pritchard was more fortunate.

* * *

Peter Jackson must be an especial favourite of B. J. Angle, Esq., for he was the favourite guest on Tuesday evening at the Belsize smoker. Other celebrities were there in galore, notably his old opponent Slavin, Joe Steers, W. J. King, and Frank Hinde; but black Peter was the man of the hour. The "Belsize" seemed to think they had the only champion boxer in the world at their gathering. We wonder if they will think so should his brudder black, the Coffee Cooler, defeat him.

* * *

How many men owe their fame to their connection with some champion equine, bovine, canine, or biped! Jem Smith had his manager, his first, second, and third backer, and four or five seconds who borrowed lustre from this great pugilistic champion.

Jack Ellis, of bulldog fame, comes to the front as the possessor of a champion of the above order of dogs, and Mr. Harry McCalmont, the millionaire, has Isinglass to thank for his premier position on the Turf at the present time.

For two years in succession this good horse and true has carried its owner to the front in the list of winning owners. In 1893 Isinglass credited Mr. McCalmont with £25,431, and this year no less a sum than £31,498. Verily Mr. McCalmont is one of Fortune's darlings.

* * *

There was quite a new crowd at the Newman Street Academy when Master Bob Habbijam gave his recent boxing show. All things seemed changed. How many had gone over to the majority besides "Hedgehog," the butler, since these boxing meetings were in full swing a few years ago! The "Guv'nor" still sticks to his man; but where is Tom Turner, the mandolinist, whose instrument and songs were the delight of the assembly?

* * *

Tom will never have such another "beano" as he had about thirty years since, when Barnes kept the Blue Posts, and the Haymarket was the liveliest place in London. Turner and his mandoline in those days were in great request, and he told us that one evening (it was in the days of the American war) a fashionable demi-monde, whose leanings were towards the Confederates, having come into possession of a big sum of money, asked Tom to sing a Confederate song then very much in vogue.

Some swells at the bar requested Tom to sing something else, and planked a sovereign on the counter. The lady, nothing daunted, took from her bosom a bundle of notes and placed a "fiver" on the sovereign. As the swells increased the bidding so did the lady, until Tom, afraid of losing the pile, took advantage of the lady's last deposit to sweep the lot into his kick and sing the song she loved.

* * *

Blood always flies at Habbijam's, and it did so on this evening, but not in the proportion we remember when two honest tradesmen, having a grievance, met to decide superiority and also the possession of a big silver cup given by the "Guvnor."

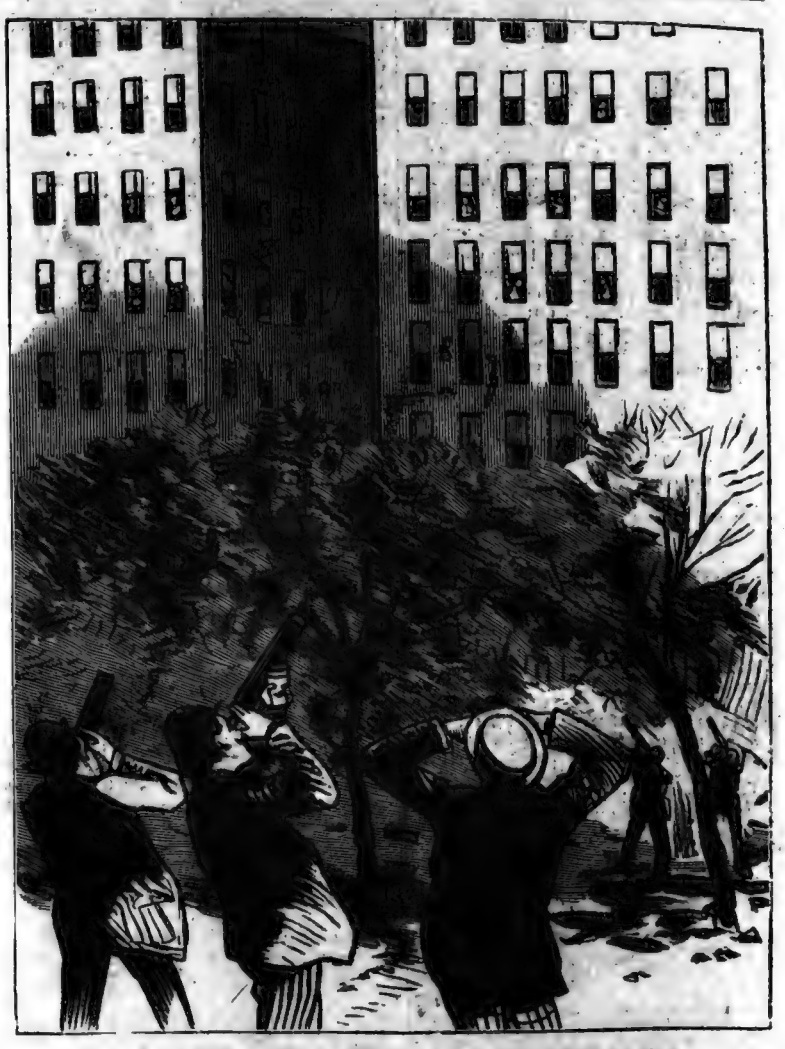
"How many rounds would you like, six or twelve?" cried the sprightly Bob as he led the men into the arena. As each tradesman desired to give the other a good drubbing, one for injuries received and the other because he had shouted "Copper!" they agreed to box twelve, and then came the tug of war.

The blood flew about in such quantities that the front row of swells had to hold newspapers before them to prevent a show of blood-stained linen. The interior of the

(*Continued on page* 14.)

FLOGGED WITH A TURTLE.

A Street Fight Terminates Disastrously to a Bruiser, who is Outed with a Turtle.



SIGHT-SEEING IN NORTH KENT.

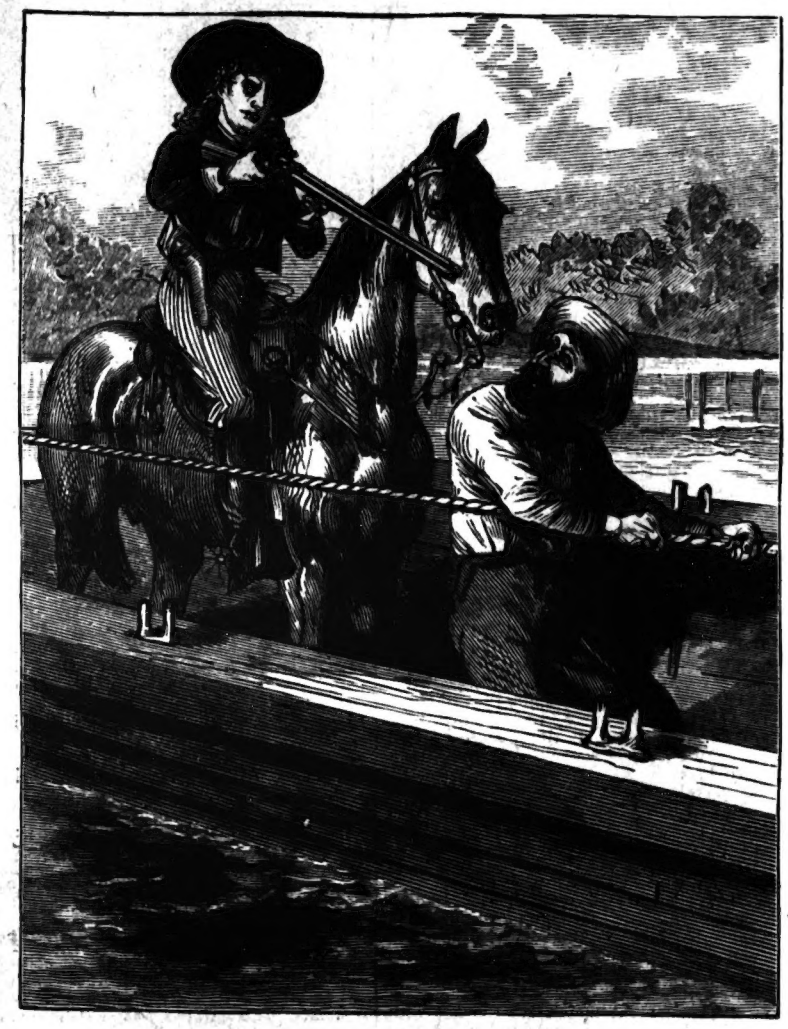
Cay Young Men Find Pleasure in Watching the Lights Being Turned Out in Large Flat Houses.

PREPARING FOR THE STAGE.

Damsels Possessing a Good Voice Find it an Easy Task to Improve their Form.

TRUSTED TO PROVIDENCE.

A Darkey who Faced a Cyclone, and in Subscriptions Only Held Out a Fourth.



A TEXAS WEDDING.

How a Young Roustabout Outwitted an Irate Parent.

A BAPTISMAL PARTY DISTURBED.

The Appearance of a Bear Creates Consternation Amongst a Party About to be Baptised.

ROUND THE RING.

(*Continued from page* 11.)

ring became a miniature slaughter-house, and the bowls of water at each corner used for dipping in the sponge of the consistency of red paint, which was rendered more repugnant when the second dipped the sponge in the mixture and placed it in his principal's mouth.

On this occasion virtue in the shape of the injured tradesman was triumphant, and the victim received the cup after accomplishing the downfall of the man whose behaviour had led to the encounter.

* * *

WE suppose boxing, like booze, is hereditary. We noticed a youth named Sam Thorne, who must be the son of old Sam Thorne, once so well known at Ould Nat's, in St. Martin's Lane. In other parts we have come across boxers related to old-timers. There is Ted Gorrie, related to the once light-weight Jem Gorrie, whose arms were of phenomenal proportions.

* * *

THEN there was the son of old Bill Barry, who fought Jerry Noon, and who died young; Joe Farrell, the son of old Joe of that ilk; Miley Hall and Jem Hall, Jem Mace, jun., and innumerable others. Some venerate the memory of their progenitors, and others, who are not boxers, ask us as an especial favour to bury their fathers and their records.

Now, a youth who delights to read about his old man, and never tired of unearthing some little scrap of intelligence in connection with him, is young "Napper," the son of old Napper, otherwise Edward Wibrow.

The other day the youth walked into this office with a parcel, which he carried as though it contained something which he dearly prized, and which on being opened was found to contain the portrait of old Ted Napper, which we promised to insert.

Those persons who remember Ted Napper as managing Mr. Fleming's house, The Five Inkhorns, in Shoreditch, in the long ago, will not fail to recognise the portrait of one of the gamest little men who ever entered the ring.

Napper's great match was the one with Jack Baldock, in which the latter, who was both taller and heavier, laid £150 to £100. It was "all in" on this occasion, and the men fought as much on the ground as they did standing up, and at the finish Napper was not supposed to have the worst of the deal.

The referee was the late Charley Westhall, and he, like referees in these days (notably the case of Mr. B. J. Angle in the Pritchard and Hayes contest), would not give his verdict until the next day at *Bell's Life*, the then sporting oracle. Meanwhile (so it is said) the referee's wife had received a present of a silk dress and a seal-skin jacket, Baldock's backer being a "buyer" for a large City house—and the verdict wasn't for Napper.

It was many years afterwards before we heard of Napper again, and then he met in a chapel in Soho one of the most accomplished boxers of the time, no less a personage than Charley Michel, otherwise Davis.

The papers of the day described "Davis" as a young, fresh-looking man, and Napper as old, stale, and with a "mouthful of rotten teeth." (We have seen a few boxers' mouths in our time, notably Bill Cheese, and it is surprising what misshapen orifices their mouths become after repeated punches.) To cut a long story short, Napper was defeated, and this defeat, we think, hastened his end, which took place at the Five Inkhorns a decade or so ago.

* * *

BILLY PLIMMER scored an easy victory over Charley Kelley at the Coney Island Club, New York, November 26. They fought for a purse of 2,000 dollars, and as Plimmer had all the advantage as to height, weight, and reach, he managed to knock Kelly out in the third round.

* * *

JOHNNY BOYLE, of Glasgow, will, in all probability, be matched to fight M. McGowan for a purse and side wager,

TOM FRISBY, of Bermondsey, succumbed to Jem Wallace, of Deptford, in the final bout of a 7st 4lb competition at Bermondsey.

* * *

ERNIE CHAMBERS and Ben Cooper were to box the best of fifteen rounds at the Amberley Social Club, November 26, for a purse, but Chambers placed his hits so well that he at once assumed a lead, and before the three minutes' time had expired he managed to land a knock-out blow.

* * *

GEORGE JOHNSON, of Hackney, conducted a boxing show at the Goodwin Gymnasium November 26, when Fred McCarthy scored a win over Ginger Elliott in a six-round contest, and in a battle of ten rounds Harry Hutchin stopped Alf Barber before the termination of the third round.

* * *

THE finals of the Orion novices' competitions were decided at the Orion Gymnasium, November 26. H. Forrester carried off the honours over G. Savage in the feather-weights, whilst J. Roberts displayed his superiority over H. Holding in the bantam weights. The light-weight competition fell to the lot of G. Gale, who disposed of G. White.

* * *

MR. JOHN FLEMING, the popular manager of the National Sporting Club, will be the recipient of a complimentary benefit at the club house, Monday, December 17. Among those to appear are Joe Steers (ex-amateur heavy-weight champion), Horace King (amateur heavy-weight champion 1894), H. S. Cousins, Val Barker, W. J. King (ex-amateur heavy-weight champion), W. Campbell (amateur light-weight champion), E. Dettmar (ex-amateur light-weight champion), Ted White (winner middle-weight championship belt), Alf Bowman (ex-amateur heavy-weight champion), Frank Craig (coloured middle-weight champion of the world), Jerry Driscoll (champion of the Navy), Tom Williams (light-weight champion of Australia), Fred Johnson (8st 6lb champion), George Johnson (8st 10lb champion), Walter Eyles, Harry Webster, Coddy Middings, Alec Roberts (ex-10st 4lb champion), Pat Condon, Tom Burrows (of Australia), Pedlar Palmer (7st 10lb champion), Jack FitzGibbons, Joe Anderson, Jack Farley, Walter Butler, the two Walkers, Mike Small, Ernie Stanton, Ernie Pickard, Corporal Collins (middle-weight champion of the Army), Drum-Major Philips, Private Ham, Drummer Collins, Drummer Neville, and Drummer Philips. In addition to this array of exhibitors a series of contests will also decided.

* * *

AT Gateshead, November 26, James Carlin, of Leeds, and H. McDermott, of South Shields, opposed each other for a fifteen-round battle to decide the ownership of £70. They were restricted to 7st each in weight. Carlin was the cleverer of the pair, but was unable to stand up under the heavy blows of McDermott, who, in the fourth round, knocked Carlin out of time.

* * *

IKE COHEN, of Newcastle, and Ted Foy, of Manchester, lads scaling 7st 13lb each, fought through twelve rounds at St. James's Hall, Manchester, November 26, for £25. The Israelite held the upper hand throughout, and finished up an easy winner.

* * *

THE cyclopeans of the Ring have been, if not legion, pretty numerous, in a sport which usually requires two good eyes. First we have Jem Belcher, who lost his eye playing rackets, and then fought his quondam friend and pupil the "Game Chicken."

Next we have Bill Hayes, the hero of one of the longest fights on record, then Bos Tyler, Sugar Goodson, and a host of others.

We had missed Harry Welch, the one-eyed boxing instructor, for years. Our last remembrance of this pro. was when he had a gymnasium in Barnsbury. Reading of Harry the other day we find him running a school-of-arms at Erith.

Harry started his show with a 9st and a 10st 2lb competition confined to the lads of Erith. The entries, considering the affair was a local one, were pretty numerous; a lad named Pank—it should have been Spank—winning the 9st, and a youth rejoicing in the name of Dyckoff the 10st 2lb competition. Everything apparently prognosticates a comfortable future for the pro. in this charming riverside resort.

* * *

WE spoke last week of a defaulting bank manager, no less a person than "Ted" Croysdill. We said then, when speaking of Ted's presenting himself at the bank after a boxing bout with a bad black eye, and being warned as to his future conduct, that we did not know whether the defaulting manager and the bank clerk were one and the same. However, "Ted," the late manager, has now gone to "atir" for four "moon."

* * *

THE two brothers Natty, who are now seconding the contestants at the Central Hall, perform their duties in a most brotherly manner, very different to some brothers whose doings are chronicled in the prize ring.

It is recorded of the "Corsican Brothers" (we shall give no names) that when they were engaged in seconding opposite corners, one in his excitement would pull out a "cosh," and the other, just to show his brotherly love and to be equal to the occasion, would pull out another. It never went beyond a shake and a war dance, and they are both alive now; but how many times did those brothers murder each other by word of mouth.

* * *

W. AKERS, of Leicester, seeks a twenty-round glove contest, at 11st 4lb, with Jerry Driscoll, for £100 a-side and a purse. Mr. Tom Wright, of the White Swan Hotel, Leicester, agrees to find the money for Akers.

* * *

ARTHUR CALLAN, of Wood Green, wants to fight Arthur Valentine ten or twenty rounds for a purse.

* * *

PEDLAR PALMER is quite ill, so rumour has it, and will be unable to engage in a contest for some time to come.

* * *

LACHIE THOMSON, of Glasgow, is prepared to take on Tom Williams at 10st for £100 or £200 a-side and a purse.

* * *

GOUGH and Bickerton decide their battle for £70 and the 8st 6lb championship of the Midlands, at Central Hall, December 20.

* * *

JOE CRAIG, of Belfast, seeks a fight with any 11st 4lb man in Ireland for a suitable stake and side bet. Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, is negotiating for a meeting with his namesake, to occur in Belfast the last of December.

* * *

FRED LEONARD announces that he has leased the Central Baths at Clerkenwell for the purpose of conducting boxing tournaments there every Saturday night. He promotes his first show on Saturday, December 15, when two twenty-round battles will form the features of the programme.

* * *

JIM HALL has lost all his old form as a pugilist, because at Chicago, U.S.A., recently, he failed in an undertaking to stop Billy Woods and Henry Baker, two inferior pugilists of local repute.

* * *

DICK BURGE calls upon Ted Pritchard to arrange a match at 11st for £200 a-side. If Pritchard can do the weight it should prove to be a good thing for him.

* * *

GINGER STEWART, of Battersea, and Arthur Valentine are to box ten rounds the middle of December for a £50 purse.

* * *

AT the Lambeth School of Arms, December 1, H. Milcher knocked out C. Selby in the seventh round of a fifteen-round glove contest; T. Gunton quit before W. Wing in eleven rounds; and H. Baker and F. Sorrell were forced to battle through eighteen rounds before a winner could be found in Baker.

* * *

THE verdict by the Coroner's jury as to the cause of Riordan's death from hæmorrhage of the brain after a sparring exhibition with Fitzsimmons, has caused much comment at Syracuse. The point discussed is the fact that Fitzsimmons was exonerated from any criminal intent. The Law and Order League and those in sympathy with them say that the charge of manslaughter in the first degree made against Fitzsimmons, for which he was held in 10,000 dols. bail, will be pressed, despite the verdict of the Coroner's jury, and the case will be presented to the Grand Jury. District-Attorney Shove says that he will not let the case drop. The Grand Jury does not assemble till January.

* * *

AN 8st competition was boxed to a decision at the Central Baths, Clerkenwell, December 3. H. Cooke, of Hackney, and W. Peagram fought their way through the trial bouts, and contested the final. Cooke displayed superior cleverness, and was returned a winner.

* * *

THE weekly show of the Camden Gymnastic Club was held at Walthamstow, December 3. Ted Tombs succumbed to Bill Trew in a six-round bout, and in a ten-round battle Alf Mortimer easily scored a victory over Ted Goodson.

* * *

IN six-round contests at the Bermondsey School of Arms, December 3, Albert Leake disposed of Bill Nicholl, and Alfred Leach held the master hand over Harry Ruddy.

* * *

HARRY SPURDEN, 9st champion, has at last found a customer, and on December 3 signed articles with Jack Fitzpatrick, of Liverpool, to box to a finish with 4-oz gloves, according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules, at the rooms of the Bolingbroke Club, Wednesday, February 6, for £200 a-side, a £100 purse, and the championship at 9st. The men are to weigh, not to exceed 9st each, at 2 o'clock on the day of the battle.

* * *

FRANK CRAIG, the Coffee Cooler, will appear at the Belsize Boxing Club's show, at Eyre Assembly Rooms, St. John's Wood, December 11. The coloured middle-weight champion will spar with a Belsize Club man on that occasion.

FOUR contests of eight rounds each and one of six rounds were provided as a programme at the Central Hall, Holborn, December 3. Jack Maloney, of Westminster, and Tom Hackett, of Bermondsey, went through the eight rounds with advantage in favour of Maloney, who got the award. George Newman made short work of Alf Garrett by stopping him in the second round. Three rounds were sufficient for George Winters, of Bermondsey, when facing Alf Greer, of St. Luke's, while it required the entire eight rounds before a winner could be found in G. Wood over Jack Lee. C. Cannon essayed to face Dummy Winters for six rounds, but Dummy dealt out so much gruel in the first four that Cannon found it convenient to go down and out.

* * *

"WHO'S "Pop"? Well, in the language of Griffith, he is a "safe man." He has "stood up" for Jem Mace, Charley White, and George Robinson, the Silver King, in the race ring, and now he means to stand up for himself in the boxing.

Therefore, when "Pop" came down to THE MIRROR OF LIFE offices and asked us to stand as referee of his competition at the Godwin Club, we did so, because, as we have said above, although a man of small means, he is a safe man.

The venue was the Godwin Club, a railway arch, one of those cul de sacs from which there is no back way when danger is threatened. This was brought forcibly to our mind on Monday night, when we remembered our last visit to this club.

* * *

IT was on the occasion of the boxing match between Alf Bowman, ex-heavy light weight champion (Jew), and a coloured gentleman named Haines (now, we believe, working for Government). The match was just about to commence, when Jack Baldock, who, in company with Tom Brown, of West end fame, had been having a refresher, came to us and said, "Guv'nor, I heerd something. It is more than I dare to tell you, but they are going to put you through the mill."

Well, as "putting you through the mill" means a cowardly assault by a mob of ruffians who are afraid to meet you singly, we passed a very bad quarter of an hour; and we did not breathe freely until we saw Shoreditch Church.

The old school mingled pretty freely with the new on this evening. In addition to Denny Harrington, the once invincible champion of Rosemary Lane, there was another link which united the present with the long ago, and that was the presence of Jemmy Welsh as M.C.

This Jemmy Welsh is the son of the ring veteran, one of the favourite seconds of Tom Sayers. It was when his father was training for his famous fight with Jemmy Massey that he kept a house in New Street, Fetter Lane. Years afterwards we visited the house, now pulled down, and asked the then landlord to let us view the old boxing-room. Oh, the times! Oh, the manners! The holes for the stakes for the old ring were still in the floor, and the landlord stated *that he had often wondered why they were there!*

There were three six-round contests set down for decision, and a four-round display between Toff Wall and Dido Plumb. The first contest, that between Johnson, of Walworth, and Sam Swainsbury, of Old Ford, was soon over—barely two rounds—Johnson being just as much superior to Swainsbury as Fred Precious was to him in a recent competition.

The next contest, that between Jack FitzGibbons and a youth named Read, who acted as a substitute for Darkey Barton, was remarkable for the dogged stand made by Read against superior length and ability. Although fat and scant of breath, he went for the whole six rounds, his one aim seeming to be to knock the wiry and wily Fitz out; but this he was unable to do; a very much contused face at the end of the contest showing how hard the Borough representative had worked to secure a victory.

As our old friend "Toff" Wall (who, we are sorry to see, is not so fresh or so muscular as of yore) sat in his corner with his pupil Dido Plumb, it was announced by the M.C., Jemmy Welsh, that this was a contest of four rounds of three minutes' duration. This seemed to make Plumb rather uneasy, and not liking the job of facing his old mentor for that period of time, he turned to us and exclaimed: "Four rounds of two minutes."

If "Toff" Wall looked stale and less muscular than of old, he had lost none of his pristine ability. It was seen at once that, good as Plumb undoubtedly is, he will never be a "Toff" Wall. All we can say is, we wish "Toff" would pull himself together and just show, if for the last time, the ability with which we have always credited him.

One of the best six-round contests we have ever beheld was that between Sid Phillips, of Islington (Charley Williams's Mouse), and Alf Sparrow, of Walworth. Sid was giving away quite half a stone, yet the manner in which he extricated himself from a difficulty when cornered was a superb bit of "science." From first to last these bantams fought in a way which awoke the enthusiasm of as sedate and respectable

a body as ever crowded and filled the Godwin Gymnasium.

It was a marvel to the spectators how each man could inflict and the other receive such an amount of punishment. What wonders would our big vaunting champions be could they in proportion to their size evince the ability of these bantams. To see their lithe graceful forms and their agility, and then compare it with the awkward movements of our would-be knockers-out, Slavin and Co.—the comparison is odious! Sid Phillips obtained the verdict.

A little incident occurred to check the harmony: the exuberance of Young Pop and the "side" of "Slippery" threatening an exciting tag to the programme; but this was wisely stopped.

If Pop will take a little hint, meant in the most kindly spirit, he will stop the Nob. Spectators who pay their shillings or half-crowns to see boxing don't care to pay a second time in the shape of an annoyance which was only tolerated when boxers were not paid.

HE WAS NOT ON THE ELOPE.

ONCE again has the cup of happiness been dashed from the lips of Mrs. Maud Clayden, of Napier Road, College Park, Harlesden. Years ago she attempted to taste it by marriage and failed, and as she herself poetically put it to her neighbour, Mr. Beaver, "I'm a free woman, having been away from my husband eight revolvin' suns." The neighbour was in a mood to appreciate this information, for his wife had just been locked up for a little reckless hilarity which the sedate police-constables of Harlesden did not appreciate. Mrs. Clayden entered to give him sympathy in his domestic affliction, and some brandy. It was after a good deal of the latter had been administered that the lady imparted to the disconsolate spouse the fact about the "revolvin' suns," and suggested that both should end all their domestic sorrows by eloping together. As a preliminary she took away with her part of Mr. Beaver's furniture, consisting of twenty-three pawn-tickets, a teapot, and several articles of linen, the value of the whole being about £2. Either the consolation or the brandy administered by the lady had proved so effective as to send the proprietor of the property to sleep, and he remained unaware of his loss until next morning, when he proposed to send a cup of tea to comfort his wife in her cell. He could not find the teapot, and then it dawned upon him that Mrs. Clayden was a false comforter. So he had her brought before the magistrates, where he strongly denied having given his consent to any elopement. For the theft the woman was sent to gaol for six weeks. Having thus disposed of one, Mr Beaver next had the sorrow of seeing his partner in joy and woe fined 7s. 6d. for her freak, and unfortunately he had not sufficient money to pay for her. He is, therefore, left more lonely than ever.

A MIRTH-MAKER IN AN UNHAPPY MOOD.

A MUSICAL clown ought to be one of the happiest men alive, since he combines harmony and mirth. But appearances are deceptive. Very often Mr. O'Gust was rather depressed while he kept his audience roaring with laughter, because Mr. Caminada had served him with a County Court summons for the sum of £2 10s. The musical clown had, it appeared, invented a waltz, which he whistled, having previously engaged Mr. Caminada to take it down in musical shorthand and "score" it. This was done, and then the scorer could not get any money out of the composer. Hence the case "Caminada v. O'Gust" at the Westminster County Court. Judgment was given for the plaintiff, and then the musical clown asked for time to pay, as he had a large family to support, consisting of a wife, four children, four brothers, and a mother. The plaintiff's solicitor mentioned that O'Gust was earning £25 a week at the Palace Theatre, but Judge Lumley Smith allowed him to liquidate the fifty shillings by instalments.

The Three Romas opened at the Tivoli, Oxford, and the Cambridge on Monday last.

Yvette Guilbert the French chanteuse, opens at the Empire this week, and will undoubtedly prove a good draw.

Miss Minnie Palmer is severing her connection with the Musical Palmers (four M.P.'s) for a short time by mutual consent.

Mr. Alec Hurley and Miss Lucy Weston sail for South Africa on January 6.

Yet another ventriloquist, Clemart by name, appeared before the public at the Palace on Monday.

Miss Lizzie Kerk (late Flo Ouida) has accepted a very tempting offer from the management of the Empire for a three years' contract.

At Christmas the Boissets will be seen at the Canterbury, Paragon, and Queen's, Poplar.

— That George Corfield is slow in clinching a match with Billy Plimmer at 7st 12lb for the championship.

* * *

— That Jem Carney contemplates a visit to America with a view to re-entering the ring.

* * *

— That Mike Haley, an American fistic manager, is here, prepared to match Sam Kelly to fight George Corfield for a suitable purse at 7st 12lb.

* * *

— That Dick Burge is stopping at Leeds, and can be matched to fight any man in the world at 10st for £1000 a-side.

* * *

— That Arthur Valentine threatens to visit the States in search of a fight at 9st 7lb.

* * *

— That Valentine does not appear to be a healthy man, and a sea voyage will do him a lot of good.

* * *

— That Jack Burke, the Irish Lad, has lost all his boxing form, and would act wisely if he quit the ring.

* * *

— That George Drake, of Leeds, has confidence in Dick Burge as a world-beater at 10st.

* * *

— That Pat Daley, the American, is rapidly making a creditable name for himself as a glove fighter.

* * *

— That Bert Smith, of Edmonton, appears to be a target for lads about 8st 12lb, and comes in for a defeat about every week.

* * *

— That in the Strangers 440 Yards run in the Cambridge University Sports, W. Fitzherbert covered the full distance in 50 1-5sec.

* * *

— That Mr. Brown, the clever heavy-weight amateur boxer, is recovering from a sprained ankle, sustained in a sparring bout with Alf Bowman.

* * *

— That Richard Smith, of the Cestus Boxing Club, has fully recovered from his indisposition, and will prepare for a boxing show to be given under the auspices of the Cestus.

* * *

— That Lachie Thomson, of Glasgow, wants to fight Tom Williams for a purse.

* * *

— That Jem Williams, of Marylebone, would be outclassed were he to take on Pedlar Palmer at 7st 12lb.

* * *

— That Ernest Brady, of Newcastle, and Charley Gledhill, of London, will fight twenty rounds at Newcastle, December 24, for £80, at 6st 12lb, give or take 2lb.

* * *

— That Bill Langford and Jack Maloney should do more fighting and less talking.

* * *

— That T. Payne will receive three yards start (inside) from G. Reid in a 125 yards race to be decided in London, January 28, for £25 a-side.

* * *

— That in a 100 yards race off a mark, G. Howard finished a yard and a half in front of Steve Man at Wolverhampton, for £10 a-side.

* * *

— That a 130 yards handicap for £100 in cash prizes will be decided at the Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh, January 1 and 2.

* * *

— That Robert Powell easily defeated Fred Moss in a 440 yards run at Barnsley, for £50.

* * *

— That ninety-nine men out of every hundred who are successful in life attribute their success to their own sagacity, and will not admit the elements of luck or good fortune.

* * *

We are led to speak of this by a prize recently given in *Pearson's Weekly* for the best account of "How I Failed in Business," and "How I Succeeded in Business." At the conclusion of the competition the youthful Pearson proceeds to write a homily about a successful career in which the elements of chance are completely ignored.

* * *

Now we were informed by the late Mr. Ritchie, a big wholesale publisher of Red Lion Court—and we give the story as related—that when the youthful Pearson, after seceding from *Tit Bits*, had fortunately unearthed a capitalist to run his venture, he called on the late Mr. Ritchie, and telling that publisher that he was about to run a periodical written by gentlemen for gentlemen, asked the publisher how many quire he would take.

* * *

"Publish a paper written by gentlemen for gentlemen and I will order a dozen quire. Publish a paper for the general public and I will take one hundred." Mr. Pearson, so we were informed, took this latter advice and brought out *Pearson's Weekly* with the present result. And yet we are informed there is no such thing as accident or luck.

* * *

We have known "Jack" Waters, Read's solicitor, for some years; and we don't think any solicitor of his standing has had such a gruesome experience both in preparing reprieves for his clients, furnishing the Press with the "latest particulars," and coming to terms with Mons. Tussaud in connection with his clients and the Chamber of Horrors. We remember some two or three years since being in Mr. Waters's offices, opposite the Thames Police Court, and from the adjoining room we heard a voice complaining of the espionage persisted in by the authorities of Scotland Yard, and the reply of Mr. Waters that he had received a letter on the subject from the "Yard," which seemed to give the gentleman satisfaction.

* * *

We then learned that this client was a gentleman who was afterwards apprehended for wholesale poisoning—no less a person than the convict Neill. The office, we observed, contained, besides a large trunk of peculiar make, several things not usually seen in a solicitor's office. These, "Jack" informed us, had been deposited as security for legal assistance.

Both Read and Neill were without funds to pay for their defence, and "Jack" Waters is to be commended for engineering these great cases in a satisfactory manner. If "Jack" could not save his two poor clients from the "rope," he took care during life to furnish them with funds so that they might live and die like gentlemen.

* * *

— That Mr. "Jack" Waters lives at Southend, at the Ship Inn. His father, who is a retired shipowner, lives with Jack's mother in the Bow Road, and Jack's brother, who is a physician, divides with Jack the medical and legal practice of that little watering place—Southend.

* * *

Jack is not a bad judge to domicile himself at the Ship, for there he can take his ease at his inn. We should know; for some three years and a half ago we stayed with Jack at Southend, and the viands and the Beaune of the Ship were well worth remembering.

* * *

Another celebrity, "Brickey" Smith, secretary to the North Metropolitan Tramways, and once heavy-weight amateur champion, being devoted to yachting, puts up at the Royal, Southend.

* * *

Speaking of heavy-weight amateur champions, reminds us of "Brickey" Smith and Horace King. It is some years since we met "Brickey" in Islington one Sunday morning with a very bad black eye.

* * *

"Brickey" rather gloried in his disfigurement; for why? Because he had received it in playing the popular game at football; and wounds and deaths at football are looked upon rather as an honour than as a discredit.

* * *

When we saw the other heavy-weight amateur champion, Horace King, some time since, using his knife on the finny tribe at the paternal home, near Euston, he had a blue apron and a very bad black eye, of which disfigurement to his handsome chivvy Horace did not feel particularly proud.

* * *

And why? In the one case the contused face was received at football, while in the other—that of Horace—the disfigurement was received in stopping the blows of Jerry Driscoll, the "Navy Champion."

* * *

True, the encounter took place at Aldershot, before the German Emperor and a distinguished company of notables; but, still, we could not help noticing the carriage of "Brickey" in the long ago, and that of the young fishmonger who held his head over the fish he was filleting, and did not seem to be particularly proud of his disfigurement.

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